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MISSIONARY PIONEERING IN CONGO FORESTS

A Narrative of the Labours of WILLIAM F. P. BURTON and his Companions in the Native Villages of LUBA-LAND.

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MISSIONARY PIONEERING IN CONGO FORESTS

A NARRATIVE OF THE LABOURS OF WILLIAM F. P. BURTON AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE NATIVE . . VILLAGES OF LUBA-LAND . .

Mr. & Mrs. W. F. P. Burton.

MISSIONARY PIONEERING IN CONGO FORESTS

A NARRATIVE OF THE LABOURS OF WILLIAM F. P. BURTON AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE NATIVE · · VILLAGES OF LUBA-LAND · ·

COMPILED FROM LETTERS, DIARIES AND ARTICLES BY MAX W. MOORHEAD

This Book is obtainable from:- J. N. PARR,
"Westwood,"
Langford Road,
Heaton Chapel,
Stockport, Eng.

PRESTON:
R. SEED & SONS, PRINTERS, 43 GUILDHALL STREET
1922

BV
3625
C68M

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PREFACE.

During the earlier period of Mr. Burton's stay in Africa, I was the privileged recipient of a few letters relating principally to the progress of the Gospel in Africa. These letters were so blessed to my soul that I was constrained to have copies made, and sent hither and thither to friends, to the end that they too, might praise the Lord upon hearing that the Gospel is being preached with signs following, in parts of Africa where Christ had not hitherto been named.

Later, when the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Myerscough, of Preston, England, I had the pleasure of the perusal of a consecutive series of letters and reports under Mr. Burton's signature, extending over a period of five years, and containing the deeply interesting narrative of the planting of a Christian Church in Lubaland; the establishment of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, the story telling how the Latter Rain fell and scores of Lubans were baptised in the Holy Ghost; the extension of territory, covering a distance of more than 300 miles from the northern boundary to the southern boundary; the inauguration of schools; the location of preaching stations in charge of Spirit baptised natives; and the translation of the Holy Scriptures in Luban—in short, the account of a Gospel propaganda which through various instrumentalities is steadily winning precious souls for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

While reading these precious letters descriptive of missionary operations in Lubaland, one's heart was deeply stirred by scenes graphically pictured, and one was profoundly impressed with the value of the literary material to the Church at large. One longed that fellow believers throughout the world might share the good news.

"Missionary Pioneering" is a missionary mosaic composed of letters, printed reports, newspaper and magazine articles and a few hitherto unpublished papers from Mr. Burton's pen. It is sent forth in humble dependence upon the great Lord of the Harvest, that He will use the book to bear a message of good cheer and encouragement to missionaries throughout the wide world, and a message of hope and inspiration to the Lord's people to keep on praying for the extension of Christ's Kingdom in heathen and pagan lands. And may the Lord of the Harvest be graciously pleased also to make use of "Missionary Pioneering" to the end that very many labourers may be speedily thrust forth into the harvest.

MAX WOOD MOORHEAD.

ROCHESTER,
NEW YORK,
February 27th, 1922.

INTRODUCTION.

THE history behind the letters and reports of my beloved friend Wm. F. P. Burton, may help the reader to better understand their significance to the present generation of God's people.

It so happened, in the providence of God, that, at the time Brother Burton came to work at Preston, in 1906 (for Messrs. Dick, Kerr & Co., a large engineering firm) I was the leader of a band of devoted "out and out" Christians, who met almost every evening for the study of God's holy Word, and to publish abroad the fulness of Christ for every human need. In these studies Brother Burton joined us.

Having heard of the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in many places, as at Pentecost, our little band investigated those experiences as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, and came to the solid conclusion that lack of faith had been the cause for the ceasing, in the churches, of the "demonstration of the Spirit," and also the "demonstration of power," as in 1 Cor. 2, 4-5. We also concluded that all the nine gifts of the Spirit, 1 Cor. 12, 7-11, belonged to the "one body" which is still being formed.

Our little community of Christians, consisting of members of many churches, were devoted to missionary work and evangelistic effort. In fact, we were named the "Preston Evangelistic Association."

When we considered the one and only command of our Lord Jesus—to preach the Gospel "to EVERY CREATURE" Mark 16, we found that this Gospel was to be confirmed with signs, to follow THEM THAT BELIEVE. Thus we began humbly to wait on God, in faith, and truly the signs followed.

Our Brother Burton was with us in all our investigations, and our faithful God confirmed him with the like experience. It was a great revival. Many were saved by the Lord and He "which knoweth their hearts, bare them witness" to the receiving of the Holy Spirit. The missionary spirit was like a flame of holy fire,

and a small missionary training school was formed, to which students came from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and one from Norway. Some of these are now serving our blessed Lord in China, Japan, India, Africa, and South America.

Of these, our Brother and Sister Burton, and their devoted companions, James Salter and Fred D. Johnstone, with their respective wives, and Brother Edmund Hodgson, are now in great blessing at Mwanza, and other places in the Belgian Congo. Hundreds there have been saved by the grace of God.

On thing recorded in these letters, which my co-workers and I esteem beyond all that words can describe, is that the ministry of our brethren among the heathen has proved that the commission of our risen Lord, as only recorded in Mk. 16, 14-20, is working in its completeness in this our day, "to them that believe." Once more the Scriptures have triumphed over the unbelief of man and all the powers of darkness.

These letters and reports have been to us a constant source of praise to our Lord, and have refreshed and renewed our faith. I therefore commend them to those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

THOMAS MYERSCOUGH.

PRESTON,
June 1st, 1922.

Missionary Pioneering in Congo Forests.

CHAPTER I.

MY CONVERSION AND CALL TO AFRICA.

BOTH my Father, Mother, and their parents before them, were children of God through faith in Christ Jesus. From them and from my uncles and aunts, as well as from the children of God who visited the home, we constantly heard the gospel, so that I cannot ever remember a time when I did not know God's plan of salvation. As soon as we could understand what was said to us, my two brothers, two sisters, and I were gathered about Mother's knee for prayer at night and in the morning. Sunday was a special day. Always called "Holy, happy Sunday" (despite the fact that, on that day, we had cold meals so far as possible, to enable the servants to attend a place of worship, if they would). Mother did her best to make us enjoy the day. At tea-table we would go round the table with an alphabet of gospel texts. The first would say A.—"All we like sheep have gone astray, etc." Then the next would take it up, B.—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." And so on to Z. We were encouraged to vary the

texts. But X always had to be "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." And Z was always either "Zacchæus, come down" or "Zealous of good works."

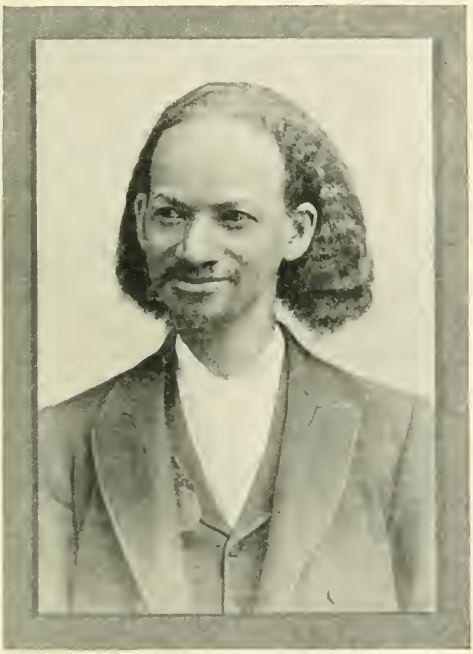
Father was in command of a vessel which went around the world every voyage. Often we would see him only for two or three weeks in five or six months; but on Sunday evening, punctually at 6 p.m., was "the time of father's prayer." Mother then gathered us together, and reminded us that, where ever father was, on land or sea, and whether the time might be night or day, at the place that he was in, corresponding to 6 p.m. in England, father was with us in spirit at our Heavenly Father's footstool. And there, in front of each other, we were encouraged to pray just what was in our hearts, and knew that father was praying too.

Often when my mother was asked to go off to some convention, or to take part in some mission, she would reply: "No, God has given me a sacred charge in my five children. They are five bright little arrows to be shot out into the world for His glory, and I must not neglect them for what lies farther afield." Or she would quote the passage in I. Kings, 20, 39—40, where the prisoner was allowed to escape "While thy servant was busy here and there." Mother would remark: "I am not going to be busy here and there, and let the precious children whom God has given me be neglected and go to hell."

When I was still a wee boy of three or four years, a christian lady visiting our home in Redhill, Surrey, brought a missionary picture book, showing Mtesa, and details of Bishop Hannington's labours in Uganda. As a result, from that day forward I would always say, when asked what I was going to be when I grew up, "I'm going to be a missionary."

My mother and grandmother delighted to have God's children in their homes, and an event of importance was the coming to my grandmother's house of an old African, named Thos. L. Johnson, who had been a slave in U.S.A. from birth till 28 years old, but who afterwards became an evangelist.

Old Bro. Johnson had been poorly and so we had the joy of nursing him up and entertaining him. Though at first afraid of this black man, I soon grew to love him, and cried bitterly when he left. I cannot have been older than six, but I well remember the old fellow placing his hands on my head, and asking God to send me to his people in Africa.



Evangelist T. L. Johnson, Freed Slave.

It was clearly in mother's mind that I should one day be in the far off wilds. She referred to it frequently, and made arrangements for us to go to a carpenter's shop during holidays, to learn the use of tools. She loved to have our minds stored with scripture, saying: "One day you may be lying sick and too weak to read, so hide God's word in your hearts. After much prayer

mother selected a set of scriptures to link with the name of each of her children. My texts were :

W.—" Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life, freely."

I.—" I am the way, the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

L.—" Looking unto Jesus."

L.—" Looking for that blessed Hope."

I.—" I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

E.—" Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Another incident which early showed God's plan for my life occurred in New Zealand, where I was staying for some months with an uncle, who was a doctor, when I was 14 years of age. My uncle and I one day walked out into the country, to attend to a godly old farmer who was suffering from cancer in the lip. After the visit, the old man walked down to his farm gate with us, and in saying good-bye, laid his hand upon my head and prayed, " Lord, save this lad's soul, and send him out to preach Thy gospel." Then after a pause he added : " And I have a strong presentiment that it will be in Africa."

At seventeen I went into work as an electrical engineer, and soon got into sin and sadness. However, conviction deepened, and I knew my need of a Saviour, so that it was only lack of decision which prevented my taking the step then of receiving God's salvation.

In those days God's ministers more often preached the pure full gospel than to-day. I knew well the truth of the Lord's coming to call away His saints, and of the eternal doom in hell, awaiting the impenitent. Thus I would awake in terror at night, and hearing all things so still, would fear that the rest of the family had been caught up and that I had been left to a Christless eternity.

I would be much relieved an hour or two later to hear a cough or someone getting up, and to feel that so far I was safe. Or again, sometimes I was afraid to sleep at night, knowing that if I died before morning, I would open my eyes in the flames of hell.

At last, when I was 19 years old, about August 3rd, 1905, I knelt in the afternoon by my own bedside in Batley, Yorkshire, (where I was working on tramway construction), and claimed the promises in John i, 12; Rom. x, 13; John vi, 37. Well do I remember the prayer which I prayed: "*I am only a lost undeserving sinner, O God, but I take the Lord Jesus to be my Saviour, and please take me to be Thy servant. I ask this in Jesus' Name.*"

If I had died as I knelt down by my bed I should have dropped straight into hell, but I arose from my knees SAVED, REJOICING AND ON MY WAY TO GLORY.

I immediately got into touch with some of the African missionary societies and began to learn all I could of Central Africa. Also an evangelist, James Gilchrist, much helped to confirm my faith in God's Word.

Having obeyed God's word in baptism, I at once united with a company of people who acknowledge one Head—the Lord Jesus—and who desire to be known by no other name than those given in the Bible—Christians, brethren, children of God, saints, believers, etc.

For eight years after this I could not consider leaving for the foreign field, as I had a sister and an invalid mother who might be dependent upon me, as well as a father whose health was failing. "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he is worse than an infidel, and hath denied the faith." I. Tim. v, 8.

It was very tender of our heavenly Father to allow this consideration to keep me at home, and to make me at this time *so* hungry for something—I did not know what. The Scripture said: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you"—and I searched for that power with insatiable longing at Keswick Conventions, at "Holiness Meetings," etc. until at last God satisfied me in February, 1911, by enduing me with power from on high, when He poured out upon me His Holy Spirit, and I praised His exalted Son, the Lord Jesus, in a new tongue, which I had never learned.

I also praise God for putting me in touch at this time with our beloved Brother Mr. Myerscough, of Preston, at whose feet I, with many more young fellows, was privileged to sit. For five years continuously, and then intermittently ever since, he has helped to build me up and confirm me in God's word; and from the little company at Preston, missionaries have gone out to North and South America, Australia, India, China, and Japan, to many parts of Africa, and to several countries of Europe—filled with the Holy Spirit, and preaching the whole gospel, healing the sick, and glorifying the Name of Jesus. As it was with Paul and Timothy (Phil. ii, 22), so it was with Bro. Myerscough and myself. As a son with the father, I was permitted to serve with him in the gospel.

I remember—while I was still working at electrical engineering and enjoying evenings of bible study with Mr. Myerscough—stopping one day in the street and talking over the future with a young Christian lad, I said to him: "Jimmy did you ever think of God's command to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature? And did you ever consider Africa's need of the gospel message?" Little did I think that this would be my faithful companion some years later in the heart of the Congo forests. We have lived together, preached and studied and prayed together, worked and tramped and camped together; in tropical blazing sun, and tropical torrential rain Bro. Jimmy Salter has been by my side. I have nursed him back from the gates of death with fever, and he has done the same for me. We have shared our last meal together, and our last franc piece—not knowing where the next would come from. He has been my counsellor in perplexity, and my comfort in trouble. And I can never sufficiently thank God for calling so loyal and consistent a Christian friend to my side as a result of that chat that day in the street at Preston.

During the time of waiting, the impression became more and more strong that the door was about to open, allowing me to step forth into Central Africa.

Often in the night, in my own room, my pleadings in the Spirit for the heathen became almost intolerable. Sometimes a sad African native, with a yearning look and a white growth over one eye, drew near my bed as I lay longing and praying. He gazed so long at me, and looked so beseechingly that I could not mistake the meaning of the vision. At a later date I saw this very man in the flesh, sitting listening in one of our meetings in Africa.

At last on June 5th, 1914, God took away the last remaining barrier, and I was able to sail for Africa with a heart filled with joy. It was still, however, to be a year before our beloved Brother Salter came out to join me.

How can I sufficiently praise God for the waiting time?

We in England know very little of the problems of native mission work. But in South Africa I was privileged to have the help and advice of a fine company of Spirit-filled men and women, who had been born and brought up among African natives, and whose zeal and love was matured and balanced by a rich fund of experience and insight into native character. Thus I am sure that our Congo work was saved many mistakes and difficulties through the advice of Bros. Dugmore, Le Roux and others.

Then when our beloved Bro. Salter arrived, and all the necessary outfit was ready, we travelled northwards and stepped on to Congo soil, in Jesus' Name, on July 1st, 1915.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OUTWARD BOUND—BASUTOLAND—JOHANNESBURG—

NOTES from an address by Mr. W. F. P. Burton in Sion College, Thames Embankment, London, on the evening of March 14th, 1921, shortly after the return of the Missionaries to England from Africa, after Mr. Burton's absence from the homeland for nearly seven years.

"I would like you to see me starting off from Fenchurch Street Station. There were several dear Christian people to see me off. I got into the carriage, and nobody else got into the same compartment, and as far as down the river I was able to have a compartment to myself for prayer, and from that time onward I was never left alone by the royal escort all the way to the Congo. My Heavenly Father sent His angels to look after me every step of the journey, and at every turn I met other Christians.

I got on board the ship—all absolute strangers—did not know a soul—but before we had been there many minutes, a lady sat down at the piano and began to play a gospel hymn. It was her little testimony to show that at least one on board was a Christian, and a group soon gathered round her. We shook hands all round, but we did not discover one brother who was on board.

When we got further out, our numbers decreased; one after another turned pale and went down. Of course, I am an old sailor, so I did not get sea-sick.

The next morning it was very rough. I got up early and went on deck before the rest of the people were about, and I thought I would have a nice little time alone with God before anyone saw me. I was strolling up and down the deck singing a hymn, and I think it was 'I shall know Him, I shall know Him,' when who should lurch up against me but a big dark man

I had seen sprawled across the deck the night before—sick. I could see that he was fearfully ill, and he said in a broad Scotch accent: 'Is that true what you are singing?'

I said: 'Praise God, I shall know Him'; and he said: 'So shall I,' and we shook hands with one another. I said: 'Brother what about this, don't you know the Lord healed our infirmities and carried our sicknesses? Come along down to the cabin, and let us have a word of prayer.'

So we went and had a word of prayer, and before we had said 'Amen' the sea-sickness had gone; and although we had rough weather afterwards, he was never sick again. He belongs to a company of people who were strongly opposed to the teaching of Divine healing, but wherever he goes he testifies to how the Lord took away his sea-sickness in answer to prayer.

Well, we had a pleasant little time. The Captain was good, he permitted us to hold our open-air meetings (or open-sea meetings) every night of the voyage, excepting one, just where the first, second, and third classes could all hear; and it was not long before one or two souls were converted.

One after another the Christians on board would come up and ask us to pray for another, until, before the voyage was over, we wished it could be longer.

We were gathered on the last Sunday to break bread, and one man wanted to be baptised. This was on the vessel going as far as Cape Town, and there I changed ships, and went on to another vessel going to Durban, and it was not very long after the vessel sailed when we went down to have a meal, and I noticed a lady opposite me bow her head and say grace. I found her to be a bright Christian; we also found one or two others.

There I set foot in a strange land in the Name of the Lord, and started for Johannesburg, and in the train, in the same compartment as myself among other passengers, there was a blaspheming, cursing, godless actor, and every sentence or two he would come out with an oath, and take the Name of Jesus in vain, and it hurt me so that I said to him: 'My friend, supposing

someone should insult your mother, what would you do?' He said: 'I would hit him.' Then I said: 'Do you know you are insulting One who is much dearer to me than my mother?' and he said: 'I beg your pardon, sir,' and ceased doing it.

I noticed an old man sitting over in the corner, and he nodded to me. I thought—another of them. We shook hands, and I found him to be a dear brother in the Lord, and he travelled with me as far as Johannesburg where I had friends to meet me at the station.

My Heavenly Father sent His children to accompany me all the way.

I do praise God for a year in South Africa before we set out for the Congo. During that time we were able to minister to the Dutch, English and Basuto people."

Bro. Burton spent three months in Basutoland among the natives there. He was not able to speak much of the language, but can point to one soul who professed conversion. In a Basuto village there was a farmer's wife who could speak both English and Sesuto, and since he could not speak the Sesuto language he asked her to interpret for him, which she did. Seeing a woman with a little baby on her back he took her as an illustration and talked of Hagar and the way she was driven out by Abraham, with Ishmael on her back. She started to an unknown land, when God revealed to her the well of living water. A few days later, quite a distance from that village, when wandering on the hill, with a precipice below, a man called up and said: "I heard what you said, and was interested; and God has shown me Jesus, the well of Living Water, and so you can imagine how happy I am."

* * *

The following letter from Johannesburg, Transvaal, is addressed to Mr. Thomas Myerscough, of Preston, Lancs.:—

"God is still proving Himself in a most wonderful way the God of Deliverances to me. I believe that I told you they were anxious to detain me in Basutoland; but that had I remained two

days longer I would have been taken prisoner by De Wet, who stopped the train following the one in which I travelled.

Of course there is any amount of work to be done, I often give three or four Bible readings a day. One every morning at 8 a.m. at Jeppes, for the workers, in which I take up more advanced subjects. Last night there were 30 present. I am living in daily hope that things may sufficiently settle for me to move off again among the natives. Yesterday afternoon one of the native evangelists came along to the house to have a talk about 'church authority.' Apparently he has had some difficulty with his flock; but at the Leribe Conference I had a long talk with him on law and grace, with the result that recently he has been experiencing a wonderful revival. A large number of this boy 'Elias'' converts speak in tongues as they come out of the water, and I believe that they genuinely receive the Holy Spirit. They want to be and do right, but lack steadfastness and aim. A Brother Oldfield some time ago was sent to write a report against this work, but was convinced of its heavenly origin, filled with the Spirit, and is now very hungry for the Word.

I am making some headway with the Zulu language though not perhaps as accurately as the Sesuto, for I have not the same opportunities for continual intercourse with the natives here. Moreover, the Zulu spoken is not pure but what is known as 'kitchen kaffir.' However, I have been invited to a Zulu mission station on the border of Swazi Land. This will be a blessed experience for me, as I understand the new-comer makes a lot of bungles, which are apt to cause much trouble afterwards. Consequently it will be better to gain experience from other people's bungles than from my own. News is to hand of about 300 native believers in Gazaland, which is inland from Inhansbane, Portuguese East Africa. A few were converted at the mines (Shangan speaking people) and have gone back to their people with the Gospel message. They have now sent a message to ask for a white teacher. It would be a very difficult task to tackle, as the Ethiopian spirit ('Africa for the black man') invariably creeps

into unsupervised native evangelism, and consequently the missionary would be expected to shoulder ALL responsibility but to exercise NO authority.

I possess a photo of a leg on which sores had been running for 13 years. Professor Koch—a man of international repute—said they were caused **by taking quinine** and never could be healed. The quinine problem is a tremendous one, and none but those who have been on the field can understand its seriousness. The Angola Mission point to twelve graves of those who refused quinine. The Apostolic Faith and Pentecostal Mission have 33 graves of splendid men and women who refused quinine and died. One recognises its evil effect. Yet I am confident we must maintain an open mind with regard to this subject. God, however, healed the leg at once in answer to prayer, and the black marks are just scars. A woman came to the house last night, a nine years' martyr to rheumatism, but was straightened out before she left the house. Yesterday, a Rhodesian (from 140 miles north of Salisbury) came for prayer for bad eyes—combined effect of malaria and quinine. He said his eyes were much better, though not quite right, when he left the building. I had a nice little open-air service with boys and girls last night, including a lot of little Jews and Jewesses, who soon learnt 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

* * *

From Basutoland :—

"I am getting on much better with the language than at first. As I feel I am not getting enough conversation and as I have no one to help me, I **must** speak my needs in Sesuto or else go without. Oh, what a crowd I had this afternoon. I picked up a cheap banjo in Johannesburg, and feeling a wee bit lonely, I took it up on to the rocks, and had a little strum. A great part of the village turned out to listen. I long for the day when I shall be able to translate some of our old Preston favourite hymns into Sesuto.

I was at a heathen graveside the other day and it was terrible. The relations were frantic—almost drunken—with grief. One cannot wonder at it, for they know nothing of resurrection. The little piles of stones below each village tell of those for whom we are already too late, and every extra month that I take in mastering Sesuto, is adding to the number. They have a vague idea of something after death, but cannot tell what.

The night before last, the war summons was shouted from village to village around the hills, and several thousand assegai-armed horsemen went off post haste to the capital. Apparently, four of the chief's grand-children had been killed, and certain parts of the entrails extracted for wizards to make 'medicine,' i.e., charms, with. The murderers were surprised in the act of burning the rest of the bodies over a fire. Some days ago a woman was missing at Thaba Bosiu (some distance to the south) and after a long search they found her blanket with a few cut up parts of a woman's body in a wizard's cave, up the mountain side. Yet so great is the dread of these wizards and so terrible are their threats that they are not always brought to book."

* * *

From Johannesburg :—

"I had last week one of the narrowest escapes from a frightful accident. A Christian 'Compound Manager' on one of the mines was anxious that I should have a talk with a doctor, and so made up a party to go down a gold mine at Benoni (about 30 miles away). Hearing that the doctor was interesting when discoursing on geology, I got him to discussing the mineral of the reef. I was examining the face of the rock with a naked acetylene flame, when suddenly a black boy shouted and snatched me back. My lamp flame was only two inches from the end of a fuse attached to a heavy charge of dynamite which had been placed in a big hole drilled in the rock, and had failed to explode on the previous 'shift.' Another two inches, and it would only have taken a second or so to turn us all into mangled corpses.

I need scarcely say that this afforded an excellent opportunity for speaking of Christ's power to deliver. The doctor's wife came from somewhere between 'Withy Trees' and Broughton. She had heard me preach on Preston Market, and could recall what was said. Little did we imagine that our Preston testimony was reaching the remotest corner of Witwaterstrand Gold Reef. They were all evidently very much affected but tried to laugh it off. A man was saved the night before last in the open air, and a woman in a little mission last night. We are now having a Bible reading at 6 a.m. We have been going through the Levitical offerings, and had a most delightful time this morning on the Sin offering.

April 11th, 1915. We have just come to the last night of a most glorious Convention. At least 40 or 50 have been filled with the Holy Spirit, scores have been saved and healed and baptised in water. In the midst of this, however, my head is heavy and my heart also, and it is as though I were in a maze. With one and another I have been fighting the devil and malaria for days. Brother Oldfield had a comparatively slight touch of malaria. But it struck him so suddenly that he dropped like a stone as he was crossing the veldt, and was very near meeting death by sunstroke. Brother Bowie, the leader of the Pentecostal Mission, is still between life and death, with a temperature of 104°. A brilliant young school master, and one whom I love as my own soul, was also suddenly attacked with it. I helped his wife and sister to nurse him. We prayed and rebuked. We did all we could. I fed him, washed him, prayed—yes, fought in prayer—for hours, kept him in bed when he was delirious—spent nights and days, fanned him for hours; 600 or 800 Spirit filled saints prayed for his deliverance, and then, O brother, I cannot unburden myself to many, but feel I can write to you. I have just come back from preaching the Gospel to the crowd gathered around his open grave. He was faithful to the end. He wouldn't touch a drop of anything medicinal. I and five other brothers carried him to his last resting place, and I feel just heart-broken over it all. I feel it was all a horrible defeat.

He was whole-hearted, athletic, 27 years old. A brilliant interpreter of English and Dutch. He leaves a sweet little wife. They had intended to go out and preach Christ. I cannot believe God wished to take him home. I wrote Jimmy* a long letter about the fever, as I felt he should know what he is coming out to. The 'Pentecostal Mission' death roll is terrible. Nine have recently died, refusing quinine to the last, and confident that God would raise them up. Four on one station in Swazi Land since Miss Taylor died there. One man's temperature went up to 110°, and his life practically burned out. Another faithful preacher is a delirious maniac in hospital, and his condition is most precarious. For myself, I would gladly go into any leprous fever stricken hole, in the Name of Jesus; because 'greater is He that is in you than He that is in the world.' Brother, if the power of God was not upon me, I would acknowledge it, and humbly seek the cause of failure. But people are being continually saved and healed. The day before last a brother was seriously ill. I was directed to visit him, and rebuked the disease in the mighty Name of the Lord Jesus, and immediately he went off to sleep. Shortly afterwards he awoke completely healed. The Lord has been kind enough to use these poor, weak, unworthy hands for the healing of numbers during the Convention. If I were allowing anything between myself and God, this would not be. But now these malaria victims are dying, and of course some of the Spirit filled missionaries are taking quinine, and they don't die, and they ask me which gives God most glory? To take this stuff and live, or refuse it and die? They declare that man cannot live up North without the quinine. When I look at the little tabloids (which they use) I laugh, as I consider such a thought as that God is supposed to be unable or unwilling to support us without that. Also I would rather die than disgrace His cause. Death is nothing to me. I would like to be with Jesus. But then there are these millions of dark heathen who don't know Christ,

*Mr. James Salter, who later joined W. F. P. Burton in the Belgian Congo.

and I **must** live to carry the Gospel to them. Also I have my companion to consider and I must not be careless about my life, and leave him in the lurch. I am certainly up against facts, and want God's glory only.

A large number of Dutch people have been at the Convention who couldn't speak English, so my Dutch has been very useful, and has quite won their hearts, though of course it is extremely poor and stumbling, and is much laughed at.

Last night we had a glorious open-air meeting. The spot selected was near a railway station, and a considerable number of people were so gripped by the Word of God that they lost their trains. One woman came and testified that for four months she had been in constant pain, and the doctors said that the only possible hope of her recovery was a serious operation. But a few weeks ago she was instantly healed when we laid hands upon her in the Name of Jesus. We are also having blessed cottage meetings.

A woman in a suburb of Johannesburg was in a fearful condition with rheumatism, and unable to move her head or lower limbs. She was given my little tract on divine healing. She said: 'Lord, it is written 'He sent His word and healed them.' This is your Word. I take it for a poultice in the Name of Your Son Jesus the Christ.' And laying the tract upon her neck and limbs, she was immediately healed and filled with such an exuberance of life that she arose, dressed and went to lay hands upon a dying man next door, whereupon he also leaped up, healed and singing,

'Arise, my soul, shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice on thy behalf appears.'

Yesterday, I was asked to visit a boy who was suffering agonies with a disease which attacks the faces of children here. (A swelling of the eye, ear and throat glands). We prayed before I went, and when I got to the place, he was perfectly healed. The Lord Jesus had removed the disease at the time we prayed."

Shortly before his leaving Johannesburg for the Congo in a meeting, a woman came in with a little boy whose foot had been

twisted since his birth, and he had to have a special boot for it. When Brothers Burton and Salter prayed for him, the Lord gave the assurance that he would put the foot right. Soon after the little lad began to cry, and say how painful his foot was. The boot had to be removed from the foot, because it was found to be the wrong shape for it. God healed the foot by taking the twist out of it, causing it to take the normal shape. The brothers were called to pray for a man in a dying condition, whom God at once healed, and to-day he is strong and well.

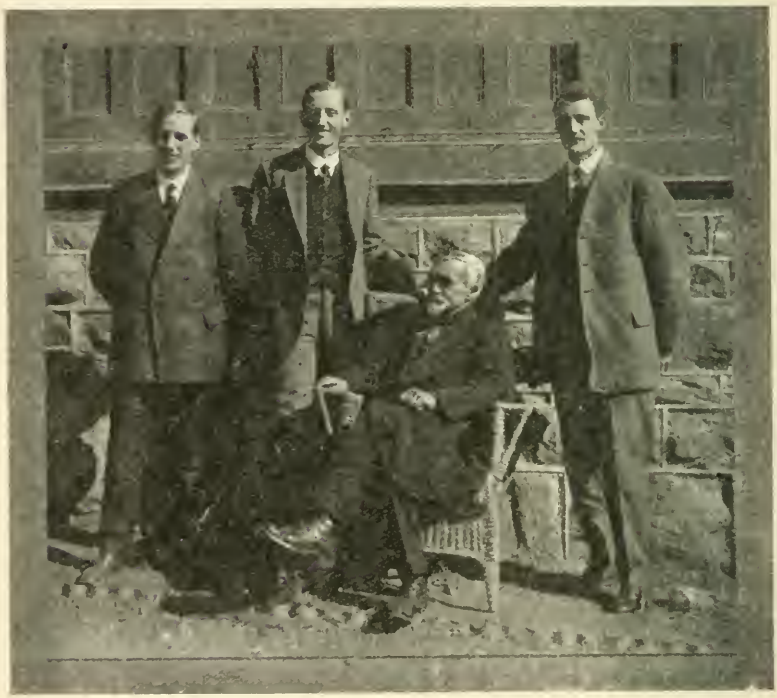
The last night before the Brothers left for the Congo, at the close of a meeting when coming out of the rooms, the lady of the house nodded towards a little bed-room and said: "My daughter is in there. She can no longer go to school. She was at play with the children, and while crossing the street, a motor car ran over her, and now she is crippled for life. The doctors offer her no hope."

The little girl was fast asleep, but slipping into the room they asked God to heal her, and laid hands on her in Jesus' Name. They never heard of her again until a number of years afterwards, when Brother Burton was introduced to a fine, bonny looking young woman, and was asked: "Do you know who this is? She is the little girl who five and one-half years ago was crippled, and you prayed for her; the next morning she got up strong and well, and as soon as her new clothes were ready she was able to go back to school."

CHAPTER III.

PIONEERS IN MWANZA.

ON the evening of June 30th, 1915, Brother Burton in company with Joseph Blakeney, set out from Johannesburg to reach the Belgian Congo. Their objective was a



THE FIRST PARTY, *(left to right)* BROTHERS SALTER, BURTON, ARMSTRONG AND BLAKENEY.

district 20 miles W. of the Congo River, 27 E. Lat. $7\frac{1}{2}$ S. They were able to travel five days' journey to Elisabethville by train. The other two members of the party were James Salter, lately arrived from Preston, England, and George Armstrong, a man in late middle life, a carpenter by trade, familiarly known by the

younger brothers as "Daddy Armstrong." The two last mentioned started a week later than their brethren. Brother Blakeney's and Burton's object in going ahead of the other two was to see their goods safely through the railway and customs, and to attend to official business with the Belgian Administrators.

Living in Elisabethville was expensive, and thus considerable saving was affected by the other two members of the party following later, and joining Brothers Blakeney and Burton at Kambove.

As independent missionaries might expect difficulties in settling in the Belgian Congo, the party entered nominally under the Pentecostal Mission, which is incorporated in the Transvaal.

Several weeks before Brother Burton had started North from Johannesburg, he had set aside enough money to land him in the Congo.

In an opportune time a substantial gift arrived from Preston, enabling him to purchase part of his outfit at a sale. The provisions taken included a supply of lentils, flour, Bovril, tinned butter and jam, etc. He also took with him a bicycle, and a camera.

A letter to Preston runs thus:—"There were about 150 people on Johannesburg station to see us off, and such waving and cheering, crying and handshaking! I can see that we are up against some terrible problems, but I believe that God's Word has a solution to everyone, and if we walk in the Spirit, we shall be more than conquerors.

We shall be in wireless communication with the outside world through Kikondja.

Jimmy's ministry was evidently much appreciated in South Africa, and I am glad that he stayed a while there."

* * *

Elisabethville, July 11th, 1915.

"At last we are through our official business. It would take me a long time to record all the ins and outs of formality and regulation necessary, but suffice it to say that God gave us great favour with the Belgian Officials, Vice-Governor General and his Assistant Minister of Justice, State Secretary, Minister of Finance, and Minister of the Interior. We have had to make application for a legal representative, for recognition, for land, etc. The Belgians were very kind and as informal as possible. This morning the Minister of Justice, and the Assistant to the Vice-Governor General have been showing us round the Roman Catholic school of manual training.

We are guaranteed leave to settle at Mwanza Kasingu. We will be less than 50 miles from a store, 50 miles from the Belgian post at Kikondja, in a more or less healthy country, and the Governor General tells us that it is very thickly populated. There will be about 10,000 at our doors, *i.e.*, within two miles; and nearly a quarter of a million unevangelised heathen within a radius of 37 miles. I am pleased to discover that through Kikondja we shall be able to maintain uninterrupted postal communication with the outside world; overland till the rains come, and then by river. There are many points to remember for missionaries starting work in this land, and we propose to keep these on record for future use. If we had brought our food stuff here instead of getting it up from Johannesburg, we would have saved £2 10s. 0d. though possibly our supplies would not have been so fresh.

Hearing that an influential trader from up country was in Elisabethville, we went to ask his advice as to route, etc. He told us that two tribes were at war, and that we should have to go half the journey by boat.

By way of showing us official favour, the Vice-Governor General presented us with a special permit to shoot all animals excepting elephants. This saves us £8 and gives us the privilege of a £15 license each. Then the railway construction line for

about 80 miles is now complete, and should have been handed over to the Government by the contractor last week, but owing to some hitch, it will not be handed over till next month. If it had been Government line, that journey, with our goods, would have cost us £15 and more. But the contractor's manager is in favour of foreign missions and is running our truck through free.

In this way God has set His seal on the start of the work up here in sunny Congo land, and shown 'Wonders in the land of Ham.' By the above mentioned items and a few more of similar nature, we are now able to see our way paid through to the journey's end, and to hire in the bargain our cook boy for the journey. What a great loving God we have!"

* * *

Kambove, July 27th, 1915.

"Another hitch in our official business has just cropped up. It is very blessed to know, in these times of perplexity, that we are being upheld by a band of faithful worshippers at home, and better still, to know that our High Priest is in constant intercession."

* * *

Bukama, August 21st, 1915.

"Just about to take the boat down the Congo River. Life is so entirely different from that at home, that it would be quite impossible to describe all the scenes, people, food, etc. But I can only emphasize that we have the **very same** Jesus. On the journey through, after leaving the railway, we tramped for eleven days through the forests, and two of our party got dysentry through drinking impure water; but God healed them in answer to prayer. Now just as we are about to start off down the river, poor old Daddy Armstrong has been attacked with malarial fever, but we have prayed for him, and he is much better than he was. When we arrived, the officials told us that they couldn't take us

in the boats, as a lot of government goods are to be transported by boats; but at the last moment God has answered our prayers. Some of the government loads were delayed, and we are able to move off after all.

Brothers Burton and Salter superintending loading the boat on Congo River.

Then we only had just money enough to pay our boat trip and land us at our destination. We needed both meat and meal for food, and also some condensed milk for 'Daddy' who is poorly. I took the rifle early yesterday morning and went off into the forest with Jimmy Salter to kill some meat. After tramping some miles, I saw a movement in the thicket a long way off, and fired. Then seeing an animal move in the grass nearby I shot at it. When we ran up we found two big wild boars just kicking their last. These wild pigs are generally full of tape worm, so I turned to Jimmy and said: 'What's the good of pig to us? We will leave them.' But on second thoughts we fetched natives to cut their heads off, clean them out, and bring them into camp. But God over-ruled our misfortune, for as soon as the pigs were carried in, the natives crowded along with meal, arrow-

root, ground nuts, and money, asking for a bit of pig. So we set up a 'Pentecostal Pork Shop' and did a roaring trade till all the pig was exchanged for more wholesome food. Thus God provided us with meal, etc. Last night the lions were heard roaring for the first time."

BROTHER BURTON WITH WART-HOG'S HEAD.

* * *

[Excerpts are given from a Report letter dated September 4th, 1915, printed in Johannesburg.]

Mwanza Kasingu Mission, Kikondja,
Katanga Province, Congo Belge,
4th September, 1915.

"I have been nursing our beloved Jimmy in camp, in a dirty poky little village among the palms, swamps, and banana groves, about a day's march from the Congo River. You will

grieve to hear that he is between life and death, right on the border land. 'Daddy' Armstrong failed with malaria about a day's journey down the Congo from Bukama, and after a week's hard struggle, blackwater fever set in and he died in 18 hours. We buried him there under a solitary palm, away among the marshes with no human being for 40 miles around; nothing but hyenas, elephants, and hippopotami and herds of water buck and buffalo. There was no wood for coffin, so we sewed him in his blanket and covered him with a Union Jack, while the native boatmen dug his grave, and then they lowered him into it on their paddles. For the first few days Jimmy affectionately nursed 'Daddy.' I took night duty, as in the daytime I fed practically the ship's crew by shooting entelope. On the fifth day Jimmy also went down with fever. He is a most unselfish, contented, patient fellow to nurse.

"DADDY" ARMSTRONG'S FUNERAL.

After the service at the grave side, Brother Blakeney also practically swooned, and was rowed back to the river steamer in a high fever. I could also feel it gripping me, for, of course, as night nurse I was constantly exposed to clouds of mosquitos. But I continually cried to God, for I dared not permit the fever to master me, since two other lives as well as my own were dependent on me. On arrival at Mulongo, Brother Blakeney was very weak,

but there were white men who let us have eggs, tinned fruit, etc. We had been very short of nourishment. Also the chief 'Mafingi' sent along some vegetables and a goat to make broth. So Brother Blakeney pulled round and is now all right again. We had to bring Jimmy 22 miles in a machila, a sort of hammock with an awning over it. He seemed fit at the end of it, but the strain was evidently too much for him. He is now very weak, and with pulse down below 40 to the minute. I believe that God will raise him up. 'Jesus the same to-day.' He shows a remarkable gift for languages, and I think he catches the thoughts of the natives more quickly than I, and is most diligent in putting down words and phrases. Of course, Brother Blakeney's Zulu is a great help too, as there is a similarity in all these 'Bantu' languages.

Now as for our sphere and plan. A large part of the Congo is only sparsely inhabited. The tse-tse fly 'palpale' spreads the sleeping sickness along the big lakes and water courses, and so the only survivors are little isolated villages, practically unknown to the world outside. For the rest, the natives have congregated around a few strong leaders. Mushidi's successor Mwenda is a capable, progressive man, whose sympathies are toward the Gospel, and the 'Brethren' have a large school and mission there under Mr. and Mrs. Last. An earnest young man, Brother Zentler, of German extraction, had worked as a 'Brethren' missionary down there, but on pushing up here to evangelize, he came upon such great hordes of absolutely unevangelised heathen that he determined to settle among them, so he started to work at Mulongo, Mafingi's capital. It is only 22 miles from here. This was against the advice of the 'Brethren,' as they consider it too far out of reach, and too unhealthy. But his work was owned of God. But being of German extraction he has been made a prisoner of war and taken to Stanleyville.

When we arrived at Mulongo, a young native came to greet us, and brought about 20 bright lads and young men with him. He said that in the absence of Mr. Zentler he was carrying on

the work. A black man missionary standing alone. The lads brought their books, and we found that they could read very creditably. He tells me that six of them gather round the Lord's table every Sunday.

Chief Kasingu.

Now after an uninhabited belt of 20 miles from Mulongo a new chieftainship commences, of which Kasingu, an old conservative simple man, an absolutely raw savage, is the chief, and Muanza Kasingu is the chief's district. From here for miles in every direction one can see the huts, banana groves, etc. This people, however, is not progressive. Mafingi came to greet us in a neat cycle suit, and was an intelligent man; but old Kasingu came with just a piece of cloth round him, a hippo tooth fetish round his neck, and his hair shaved except for a pad at the back, like old-fashioned ladies wear, done up with beads, and a pointed stick stuck in to scratch himself with when the flies tickle.

These natives resist oversight and rule, and hate taxation, etc. When the Administrator came to collect the tax a few months ago, in a village a day's journey North of this, they would have surrounded him and killed him. He had to send a runner for help and fight his way through. The natives are armed with spears, bows and arrows, and axes; and excepting for a few inches of cloth, skin, or beads, they are naked. The Baluba people have not an absolutely uniform language. There is no doubt, however, that the Luban testament translated by Dan

Crawford, and given us at Koni Hill, will be most useful. Now that Mr. Zentler is at Stanleyville, Mr. Dan Crawford, at least two or three weeks' journey away, is our nearest white Protestant missionary, so far as I can discover.

Mr. Bowie and others took a trip through this land last year with a view to discovering the best spheres for mission work. At his instructions, the natives set to work to build a house for the white teachers. On arrival, however, we find that the only substantial thing about the house is the price we have to pay the native labourers. The roof isn't water tight; one can see the sky through. The walls are bulging into all sorts of shapes, only five inches thick, and so cracked that you couldn't find enough solid wall to lay this sheet of paper on. Many cracks show two inches of daylight through. However, we quite expected to have to build a permanent house, and doubtless we can fix up the temporary one as a school or carpenter's shop. The old chief came to greet us yesterday. We told him our business, and so this morning, he and his village came up to hear the words of life, and has invited us to come to his village this afternoon to continue. Imagine how helpless we feel, only having been here one day.

Now as to our plans, they are vague. God said: 'Go ye into all the world,' and so we are going. Within about 37 miles we have approximately a quarter of a million souls without a pastor. I believe that this offers field enough for ten white missionaries and 30 native evangelists, but circumstances make me a little uncertain as to whether Jimmy and I should stay in another part of this district, or take up the central village in another of the almost equally thickly populated areas within a few days' travel from here.

The natives are ready and open for the first thing that reaches them. If the full Gospel, it is well: but, alas! Roman Catholicism has grasped some. Up here it is the barest idolatry, and not the half-disguised thing which one sees in civilised England and South

Africa. Beloved, it lies with us, God's Spirit filled children, to fill these villages with sound doctrine at once. A wide open door awaits us, and I feel that no sacrifice is too great in order to bring the Gospel to those who sit in darkness. I believe that many have heard God's call to the Congo. Oh may they fulfil God's highest purpose for them."

LUBAN FOREST.—NOTE THE TWO BOYS IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE GIANT CREEPERS HANGING FROM THE TREES.

Notes of a public address in London by Brother Burton having been preserved, happily, further details of the earliest experiences of life in Mwanza are recorded as follows :—

"The whole of the country is one vast forest. Here in England we are used to woods and in every one you can come out on the other side; but in the Congo there is no other side. Just forest, forest, day after day, as one journeys. But in many of these forests, you find little clearings where the natives build their huts and make their gardens.

The natives have a signal drum and whatever news there is to tell is passed from village to village by means of it, so that long before we arrived, the news had come that the white man had come to bring the words of God, and immediately the drums began to beat. At first we did not know what this meant. I was the last to arrive, and there were the boys beating on the drums and shouting their peculiar noise o-o-o-o-o-o.

THE SIGNAL DRUM.

How strange it was to see them crowding around us, quarrelling as to who should get near us and greet us first. A crowd of youngsters preceded the Chief, who welcomed us with profuse bows, bringing a present of fowls, bananas, eggs, sweet potatoes, etc.

On Sunday morning they came in crowds. I do not know how we managed to understand. With a lot of chatter in between, they 'signed' to us that they wanted to hear about the words of God; but we could only sing a hymn or two in a language that

they could not understand. We felt from the first, if we could say nothing else, at least we could say the Name of Jesus.

Day by day we picked up more words, and kept putting them into use. We did not understand the construction of the language, we were strangers to that and everything else.

By and by the natives were tired of bringing us presents, and we were pretty short of food, and we did not know what to do. We sent a messenger to the chief, but he wanted the food for himself and would not sell us any.

On the Sunday morning, Brother Salter said he had a word for the people, and as he had been making the language out, a bit at a time, he thought the people would understand it. I said: 'What are you going to preach about?' 'Well,' he said, 'the message on my heart is Pontius Pilate.'

I thought that was rather a difficult subject to take, but I let him go on, I thought—we will see what he makes of it.

The chief and his people were only too glad to gather together and offered us a drum to sit on. Brother Salter and I, after having sung a hymn, waited a minute, and then he started his sermon on Pontius Pilate.

The word for chief or ruler is 'Mulopwe' and he wanted to tell them that Pontius Pilate was a bad ruler, so he said several times 'Chief—bad man' 'Mulopwe—muntu mubi.' Here was the chief sitting beside us, and Brother Salter was saying 'Chief—bad man' meaning, of course, Pontius Pilate.

When the chief of a village wants to show his displeasure, he grinds his teeth, and he has a knack of grinding his teeth so that he makes quite a noise. I am sure the noise this chief made could have been heard by all present.

We came to the conclusion that Brother Salter had said quite enough to displease the old chief, so he finished his sermon, and we dismissed them: but I could afterwards see that God gave him the message on Pontius Pilate, as it did us a good turn.

The chief evidently gathered his people together, and they no doubt thought that Brother Salter had called him a bad man

because he had not been doing his duty towards us, and so shortly afterwards, up came chickens and goats and other presents: he was going to show us he wasn't such a bad man after all. So God takes even our mistakes and turns them to account.

Word by word we picked up the language, and were able to say more to the people. I remember the first time I had a really good Gospel talk to a boy. We had been cutting down a tree for our house, and this boy offered to help. I tried to tell him about the great and mighty God. I did not think that he understood very much, but I found out months afterwards that he had understood quite a lot of what I had said.

FOUR EARLY CONVERTS.—NYUKI IS NEXT TO THE EXTREME LEFT.

I do not think that the language need be a great hindrance if we have a heart full of love to these people; we will make them understand somehow.

They soon got to know that we had not come to get something out of them, we had not come to trade like the traders did,

we had only come to give to them, not to get from them, and they knew that the great message that was burning in our hearts was about One called Jesus.

We were praying very much that God would bless precious souls, and we would watch the smoke coming up from the various villages, and looking away across the forest tree tops would ask God to bless, so that when the time came for us to preach the Gospel to them, they would be open hearted.

The first convert was a lad called Nyuki, what joy he gave us.

I had had some talk with him while thatching our little house, and a few evenings later, as we were praying for the salvation of these natives in the villages around us, Nyuki came on to the verandah, and announced that he desired to receive the Lord Jesus. Oh how Brother Salter and I rejoiced, and as Nyuki went off back to his village, rejoicing in Christ his Saviour, we took each other by the hand, and with tears of gratitude welling up, we said : ' Surely it was worth while to come out from England, if only to save this one precious soul.' ''

CHAPTER IV.

FOUNDATION BUILDING.

A FEW weeks after arrival in Mwanza, Joseph Blakeney's return to the South made it necessary for Brother Burton to take the position of "legal representative" of the mission—an office required by the Government. He made a survey of the whole district and a scale drawing for the government, thus gaining an intimate knowledge of every stream, path, hill, village, and group of huts, and saving the expense of a surveyor. The language, he found to be different from the nearest written languages, and he decided very soon after his arrival in Mwanza to formulate the grammar and translate the Scriptures. A few years later the laborious work of constructing a written language and translating the four Gospels and Acts into Luban was completed chiefly by Mr. Clarke of the Garenganze Mission; and in 1921 the cases of books printed in Luban by the British and Foreign Bible Society sent out to young Christian Churches in Lubaland which in 1915 were not yet born.

(The latest news from Mr. Clarke is that he has completed the New Testament).

Concerning the printing of these precious Gospels and the Book of Acts, Brother Burton in the July [1921] issue of the British and Foreign Bible Society's periodical, writes as follows :—

"A momentous event is just about to take place in the giving of the four Gospels and Acts in their own tongues to the Baluba people—one of the largest Central African races. Sections of the tribe living between Lake Mweru and Bunkeya already possess an excellent version of the New Testament in Luba-Sanga translated by Mr. Dan Crawford; while to the far west, on the Kasai River, over 400 miles from Lake Mweru, the American Presbyterians have just completed a version of the New Testament and part of the Old

in Luba-Lulua, which is now published by our Society. But lying between these extremes are many hundreds of thousands of Africans, who, while able to understand something of one or other of these two translations, could never enjoy, from such sources, the fulness of the Gospel message.

The Baluba are intelligent people, expert in fishing, trapping, basket-making, and agriculture. They weave their own native cloth from raphia fibre; they smelt, forge, temper, and even oxidize their own iron—making knives so keen that one can shave with them. They adapt themselves with wonderful rapidity and ease to new conditions of civilization. Fifteen years ago the vast majority of them had never seen a white man. To-day the opening of the largest copper-mines in the world, the building of the beautiful Southern Congo Capital--Elisabethville--with its modern dwellings and organization, and the completion to the Congo River of the Cape to Cairo Railway, have all brought modern thought and luxury to the doors of Luba-land, finding exceptionally intelligent natives open-armed to receive all that comes from white men, both good and bad. Thus one finds enamel ware and Lancashire cotton goods in the cannibal villages of the Luvidjyo River, and cast-iron saucepans, scented soap, and Singer sewing machines in the mountain hamlets of the great Kibara. The intelligence of this race is evidenced by the fact that they have a vocabulary of some 15,000 words—compared with 7,000, which is the usual number in a Bantu language. Though the Luban tongue has only been reduced to writing in the last few years, the Baluba are exceedingly rich in the oral literature and folk-lore, using hundreds of proverbs in everyday conversation, displaying a profound philosophy, the more surprising since it comes from the mouth of a black forest dweller, living in a wee grass hut, and dressed in a skin, or simple loin cloth."

* * *

[The letters dated October 11th, 1915, and December 6th, 1915, contained in this chapter were addressed to Mr. Thomas Myerscough.]

Mwanza, October 11th, 1915.

"Our temporary house is falling to pieces. I have propped it up; but the first heavy rains will bring it down. Then we have no money to pay for labour to build a new house. These and a lot more are the odds in front of us, but I feel they are glorious opportunities for testing God, and that we are wonderfully priviledged in being permitted to stand in the battle front for Him.

Jimmie and I preached to the people on Sunday for a few minutes in their own tongue—one month from arrival. I feel that we will come through triumphantly. We shall have to do the building ourselves and leave the walls in such a way that we can put an ant proofing course in next dry season. I would not like you to be 'clerk of the works' when we build, but of course we must do the best we can to get a shelter till the rains are over, even though the architecture be anything but brilliant. A little distance down the path a handful of lion's fur was found, which the boys said was scratched off this morning. I was within 60 yards of the spot this morning, without any protection at all, looking for a place to dig a well. Also the 'Capita'—a sort of foreman of the chief—says that there are many elephants tramping the gardens—ten were seen together. If I met them it would be a case of who could cover the ground in the shortest time. We have just one boy to do cooking, washing, bed-making, etc. And we have been praying much for him.

Jimmy had an adventure to-day. He went with the boy to stop a woman who was chopping up the best of our timber. She turned and went for them with the axe, and gave the boy a nasty cut between his toes. However, Jimmy got her axe. I have a mahogany carpenter's bench nearing completion. Wouldn't the folks at home consider this a waste?"

[A Report letter dated 24th October, 1915, and printed in Johannesburg.]

" Brother Salter has been very near to death's door, but now he is once more in robust health. All glory to Jesus. He has walked 24 miles in a day, and can chop down a 14 inch diameter tree in half an hour; so, praise God, the recovery is complete. Then though we cannot report definite conversions, yet the Gospel is evidently making an impression. A little boy was poisoned some days ago, and his body swelled terribly. We went to his hut and prayed for him, laying on hands in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and God healed him. Yesterday the head chief of the whole district (old Kasingu) came with a very bad head, the effects of drinking too much ' malwa ' (native beer) the day before. I didn't know what to do, when he also asked prayer; but the verse came to me ' He healed all that came to Him.' So we laid hands on his greasy plaited hair in the Name of Jesus and asked the Lord to heal him. Immediately the headache went. Of course, I told the old chief : ' God is not mocked; and what you sow, you will reap. You must not drink malwa till you get a bad head, and then come to God to get rid of it.'

Some weeks ago when out for food, with my rifle, in the forest, I came across a place where the ' Bakashanshi ' (a secret society among the natives) have been holding a feast. There were human bones on the ground. A few days later, hearing that a Belgian was prospecting a tin deposit in the hills a few miles away, we went to visit him. We found the poor fellow so lonely, and longing to see a white face. He said that a few days previously the natives had eaten a dead man within twelve yards of his camp. Even then Brother Salter was a little incredulous as to these people being cannibals, so last night he called in a lad from the village and asked him : ' Do those people eat human flesh? ' He said : ' Mingi, mingi,' (lots and lots). ' But,' I asked, ' is that good? ' He answered : ' Eyo kiakudia kiampe,' (Yes, it's very good meat). And the gleam of his eyes and teeth

were so inexpressibly horrid that poor Brother Salter could scarcely sleep through the night for thinking of them. Very few of them are cannibals. These are confined to a secret sect. These are people God has brought us to labour amongst, and upon whom God is going to pour out His Spirit in answer to your

A Luban Village Scene.

prayers. He says: 'I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh,' so the Baluba are included. Also the redeemed around the throne are to be 'from every tribe'; so that Mwanza Kasingu will surely be represented. The precious Blood of Jesus, and the mighty healing virtue of His holy Name, avail everywhere, and for all. 'How excellent is Thy Name in all the earth.'"

[Letter to friends in Johannesburg—Mwanza, 26th Nov., 1915.]

"Truly I wish you were here to help me build. Our beloved Brother Jimmy does the gardening while I build. But working with unseasoned trees in the rainy season (when one gets alternately half a day of raining 'cats and dogs,' and then half a day of boiling sun) is not satisfactory. I cut down trees for the wall plates, sawed them from end to end, and trimmed them with the adze. Within the last month I have trimmed the wall plates from growing trees, morticed them every four feet to upright posts (four feet in the ground and twelve feet out), dove-tailed in cross beams for the inside rooms, and morticed those also on to uprights, roughed out about 14 windows and six doors, half-notched roof principles (every six feet along the building) and morticed cross ties into them, fitted verandah posts all round, and a score of other jobs, as well as 'bossing up' a gang of 18 boys to bring in beams, bamboos, mix 'daga,' etc. I think that Jimmy and I will content ourselves with a little house about twelve feet square, in which we can live and study until the rains are finished. Of course we have to economise in nails here, so a lot of the house is tied together with rope made from the bark of trees, and we have to have a lot of other makeshifts. But from an engineering point of view it is substantial.

How do they receive the Gospel? They gulp it down without stopping to chew, and then come for more. Really, if I were fluent in Kiluba, I could get audiences for eight hours a day, and seven days to the week. You see it is all new to them. Never a whisper has reached them before. The resurrection of Christ is the great theme. They love to hear about it. Since my vocabulary is short, my gesticulation has to be correspondingly vivid. They already understand there is a God, but so mysterious and far away, that it is quite a new idea that we can approach and speak to Him in the Name of Jesus. They already believe in angels and have a native name for them. Being filled with the Spirit will be no hard thing for them to understand, for every day

they can see their own witch-doctors under the possession of demons. They naturally expect to see supernatural manifestations accompany the Gospel, and this is where we have the key to the whole situation.

In Mark xvi, 15—18, the word 'signs' might be termed 'credentials.' We carry our 'credentials' with us. We are not afraid of snakes. We eat palm nuts which it was thought the witch doctor had poisoned, with no ill results (though, of course, we did not do this deliberately); but above all, again and again, we lay hands on the sick in the Name of Jesus and they recover, whereas the witch doctors' fetishes could not, in some cases, heal them. So you see, Christ had a very strong reason when He said 'These signs shall follow them that believe . . . .' And the father of lies has also a strong reason for trying to stop the signs following. Of course as might be expected this also has weight with them; the fetish man charges goats, francs, cloth, chickens, etc. for his charms and we charge nothing for our prayers. We cannot see at present what difference the Gospel will make on the people, but we shall see, for it is going to make a great big difference. Hallelujah!

THE WITCH-DOCTOR.

I believe that healing in the Name of Jesus is the very foundation of pioneer missionary work. 'And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you . . . . heal the sick that are therein.' S. Luke x, 8—9. So when we hear of people being sick, we go and pray for them indiscriminately, in the Name of Jesus. And God heals them as a testimony to the village of the power which He has vested in His risen Son, whom we preach."

* * *

[The following letter was written on December 11th, 1915, from Mwanza to a friend in Johannesburg by James Salter, Brother Burton's yoke fellow.]

"May grace, mercy and peace be your portion from His presence, from beneath whose throne flows the stream of life. I do indeed praise God with all my heart for the prayerful sympathy of the saints of the Apostolic Faith Mission Assemblies. I feel confident that it is the prayers of God's people which have carried us through so far. We are here to-day. Why? Is it because of strong constitutions, big faith, or being acclimatised? I answer emphatically, No! What we are and where we are is a living testimony to the faithfulness of God, and to prayer answered on our behalf. Still can we cheerfully say:

'Though all around our soul give way,
He still is all our hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid Rock we stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.'

What a privilege is ours: to declare Christ among those to whom He was not previously known. To proclaim and practice the Gospel of God's grace to the poor benighted heathen. The disciples' commission was not only 'As ye go, preach,' but also 'heal the sick,' etc., etc. To the Church of Christ these are the days of glorious privileges, but also great responsibilities. The words of that hymn are true to-day as perhaps never before.

'See o'er the world wide-open door inviting,
Soldiers of Christ, arise, and enter in;
Christians, awake, your forces all uniting,
Send forth the Gospel, break the chains of sin.'

The Lord still appeals, 'Who will go for us?' Who, with a heart open to God, immersed in His love, with a divine compassion for lost souls, will say, 'Here am I, send me.' With an open Bible, open lands for His word, open hearts and outstretched hands for the Gospel, God needs 'a man.' The only qualification required, but it is an absolute necessity, is an 'unction from the Holy One,' and a life abiding beneath the anointing.

'Power to heal the leper,
Power to raise the dead,
Power to fill the empty pots with oil,
Is waiting for the worker
Who in Jesus' steps will tread,
And leave his life of ease for one of toil.'

In our parish, which at the present is one of about 200 miles radius of the Mission Station and 400 to North West, there are no other Protestant missionaries. We are up against sin in its vilest and most hideous forms. The name 'Baluba' means the lost people; and one may say a more fitting title could not have been adopted. Lost morally and spiritually: naturally speaking, especially to one who knows a little of their inner life, there is nothing to attract one to them, but rather an inclination to avoid them. Yet, with a love which is heaven born, we are willing to spend and be spent for them, daily yielding ourselves to God a living sacrifice on their behalf. What a holy enthusiasm grips one, as the opportunity presents itself of speaking to a company of them of the wonderful, the only and glorious theme, Jesus. How, as one kneels in prayer with them, a deep sense of the presence of God, and a mighty wave of intercession sweeps over us, whilst at the close of these soul gushings, they usually respond with a fervent 'Amen,' which word they have learnt from us.

Going to Mulongo, a place about twenty-two miles distant, I had to stay at a native village a day and night owing to continuous showers of rain. The people soon crowded to the hut where I was sheltered, and I had the chance to tell them of Jesus. Then I went and sat in the doorway of some of the huts, and again we talked of Jesus just before turning in for the night. Standing in the centre of the village, I had to tell an enquiring group of our wonderful Jesus.

KUNGA.—HEALED BY GOD IN ANSWER TO PRAYER, AFTER BEING A LEPER FOR TWO AND A HALF YEARS.

It was too cold for me to sleep that night, as I had neither bed nor bedding with me, so I found joy and satisfaction in my Saviour and the blessed privilege of declaring a little of the unsearchable riches of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are day by day gaining the confidence of the people, and now it is a regular thing

for them to come for prayer when ill. Some of them, including the chief of the village, have been healed in answer to the prayer of faith. We are confident that the 'medicine men' and witch doctors will soon have to seek employment elsewhere, and are looking expectantly to our God for Him to infuse His word with a mighty soul-saving, healing, and baptising power, that the Gospel may go forth, not in word only, but in the mighty power and demonstration of the Lord the Spirit. We are here called to be the reflection of our God, and by His Grace we will contend for the faith, continuing in the Apostles' doctrine, and awaiting not only a repetition of Pentecost, but the promised greater things."

* * *

Mwanza, December 5th, 1915.

"The Belgian Government demand that any religious or philanthrophic body settling in the Congo be duly incorporated. Consequently unless I desired the trouble and expense of incorporating my own mission, it was necessary to link up with some one. So hearing that two 'Pentecostal Mission' men were moving North, I joined in with them, maintaining meanwhile my personal liberty and right to trust God for supplies. Two sisters from Johannesburg say they were led to come and fill the gap occasioned by the departure of Brother Blakeney. To give them their due they are a plucky couple, but though, as you know, I strongly believe in being led of God, yet I cannot understand their coming up here when we have no housing or accommodation. The country is now a vast swamp. The rains surpass everything that one can conceive of in England. There are scores of rivers from inches to yards deep. It is the wet season. The food is wet, the ground is a puddle, one's clothes get mouldy in a day. One can wash them in an hour or two, but I have had underclothes drying, in the shelter, for 16 days and they are not fit to put on yet. I had no time to stop these Sisters as they came with full

authority of the Pentecostal Mission. They are now somewhere within 200 miles of here, plunging through the long drenching grass and dripping trees.

I have obtained for the Pentecostal Mission an excellent grant of 200 acres of land. It includes splendid garden land, fine timber, a good clear spring, a stream (for dry weather gardening) and a high hill, as a healthy site for the mission station. Moreover, there are at least 20 or 30 villages and thousands of natives within an hour's walk. I am now director and legal representative. So the Government Administrator ordered me to cut a road round the ground. Our exchequer was done, so a brilliant thought struck us. We paid the natives with our blue mottled soap—and got the road 2½ miles long cut for about a quarter of our stock of soap.

But now the two Sisters were to arrive within a few weeks, and there was no house, when money, long delayed at the Banque du Congo Belge arrived. We needed food and stores, but resolved to put up a house first. Consequently we have an excellent house nearly completed. But while we have had to pay 19 boys to help in the building (and have had to put our bottom dollar into a building which we shall probably never use) Jimmy and I have been on short commons, and this hurt me more than I can say. Personally, you know, I can stand more fatigue and privation than most people, but when returning from Mulongo (22 miles away) Jimmy and the native boy had to go into the forest, and grub up roots for food, on which to walk that distance. While I don't mind for myself, I do mind for Jimmy.

But now we are in the middle of Equatorial rains, and I have spent all our time on the Sisters' house, we have neither time nor money for our own house. We have no shelter. A few times gifts have come from England and South Africa, but the greater part has gone to paying the natives to hurry on the Sisters' home. But as Jimmy and I have sat on our camp bedsides, and looked at the empty money bag, we have encouraged ourselves in God,

knowing that while we were providing for others, our faithful God was caring for us. So now that news comes of the kind gift from Preston, we can have a nice wee house—price £2; two men to clear garden land—price £2; and an additional £5 for food. The realization of your faithfulness and our trust in God. Hallelujah!

The language here is going well. I have a vocabulary which must have about 1,500 words, and we can make ourselves understood on many points. I find there is a salt spring at Kiambi, eight days East from here across the Congo. To some extent we can use salt instead of money, and by sending boys to Kiambi, I believe we can reduce our food bill by at least one-third. We have already got our first stock of Kiambi salt. Owing to the war we can get no more flour and no more matches, but we have a big stock of matches, and hope to sow wheat and rice shortly. We have both ready for putting in.

The old chief came up last Sunday morning with a present of two fowls, and wanted to know more of the resurrection of Christ. But he is awfully bound by the wizards, who are consulted by the natives and give out solemn utterances, interspersed with shaking, grovelling and muttering. They make a fat living at it, but are terribly emaciated physically. One of the chief's sons is a soothsayer (there are six in Mwanza village), and in his horrid paroxysms of grovelling and possession, he has dug with his finger nails a hole in the ground big enough to bury a furniture van. Oh what a stir there is going to be when these demons get cast out in the Name of Jesus. Pray continually that we may be faithful to all the great commission delivered to us."

* * *

Mwanza. [undated.]

"Mrs. Richardson, whose husband laid down his life in the Congo a year ago and who had years of missionary experience in British East Africa, and Miss Hodges who has had some experience in Zululand, arrived a few weeks before the completion of their big airy house. So we left them the old house, while we

went into tents, and at the same time commenced a small temporary house for ourselves, allotting the big nearly completed house to the ladies. Towards the end of the building, I became very lackadaisical and tired; but did not realise that it was a low fever until all my strength went, and Brother Salter and I went down with fever on the same morning. Fortunately, my fever was at its height at night, and I was a little bit able to superintend Brother Salter during the day. During this time the Sisters moved into the big house. Our fever soon dropped, and we were just getting our legs again when, one evening, a native came running to us, during a thunder storm, and shrieked in terror something about the ladies' house. We at once ran to see what was wrong, and found that the lightning had struck the ridge of the roof, and the house was in flames. However, we managed to get most of the goods out without a great deal of damage, and then we stood watching my three months' work go up in flames.

Two days later I started a new temporary house for the ladies. But we had only done a day's work on it when the natives of a village six miles away raided our villages, killing two boys and wounding four more. One of the killed and one of the wounded were fellows who had been working for us in the building. Now all the natives have gone off to defend their villages, and our building is once more at a standstill. There have been other minor inconveniences: the collapse of our kitchen, the raiding of our house by 'driver ants,' and so on. But I must confess that in all these things God has kept us in perfect peace. Satan seems to be exerting his utmost efforts to hinder our work, but 'if God be for us, who can be against us?' In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loves us and cares for us."

On the day that we left Johannesburg for the Congo a farewell prayer meeting was held. One old lady prayed: 'Lord, find the brothers some faithful native believers to help them there in the Congo.' I remember thinking 'My good woman we want to go where Christ has not been named. There can be no native

Christian helpers.' But I was mistaken, and God wonderfully answered that old Sister's prayer as follows :—

Some 30 years before the great tyrant chief Mushidi had gathered vast districts under his sway, and unruly subjects were often sold as slaves. In this way many of the local villages about Mwanza were raided, and young fellows were taken into captivity and sold to the Biéans down in Portuguese West Africa. There the good news of salvation through the Lord Jesus reached them through the faithful ministries of Messrs. Tucker, Lane, Saunders, etc., and many hundreds of these slaves have been saved. Later, the Portuguese abolished slavery, and the Baluba were given their papers declaring them free, and they at once determined to set off back to their homes in Luba-land with the Gospel message.

A few months after Bro. Salter and I reached Mwanza, we were sitting on the rocks near the mission one day preaching to the natives, when we heard a well known Sankey tune in the distance. I said : 'Jimmy, listen! We've never taught the natives that tune. Who can it be?' Presently a party of about 30 travel-stained men, women and children appeared singing hymns and with tears of joy trickling down their faces. They brought letters of commendation, passes, etc., which showed that they had left Bie, Angola, and set out for Luba-land just at the time when that old Sister was praying in Johannesburg. They were full of joy at reaching the end of their 740 mile tramp, and finding white missionaries in their villages.

So keen were these dear people to spread the Gospel among their fellow villagers that they neglected their gardens, with the result that, after some time they found themselves in dire straits, and indeed on more than one occasion they were without food for two or three days at a stretch before we discovered it.

So at last I said 'Come on! I'll go into the forest and see if I can't find you a buffalo.' We set off before light in the morning, and tramped many weary miles, but the undergrowth was so dense and the animals so wary that I could not get a good shot and the only buffalo that I did hit was merely

grazed, and soon sealed up his wound in a mud hole. This is quite common. God seems to have given animals the instinct to thus staunch the flow of blood. Next day we set out again, tramping all day through the forests, but only obtaining a small antelope, scarcely the size of a retriever dog. We always kneel around the animal that we shoot, and thank God for the meat. But on rising from our knees one of the natives said 'Bwana, that won't go very far with all our hungry little ones.' My feet were so blistered and legs and arms so cut in the forest that I could not go out again. We must have covered 80 miles in two days. An old necromancer in the village laughed at one of the native christians saying 'Look—your teacher prays to God, yet you've got no more meat than I could obtain by calling upon the Spirits of the departed.' We could say nothing, and so perforce left the old fellow to sneer.

That night a somewhat unusual sound awoke the stillness of the evening. The roar of a lion—and of course the natives would see to it that their hut doors were well fastened, and their fires burning well through the night. But that lion did us a good turn. He must have got into a herd of buffalo, and scattered them, so that some took refuge in the native gardens. The result was that a native woman came running up the mission hill early next morning, in a terrible scare, to say that she had discovered some buffalo in her manoic plantation. I seized my rifle, and with two lads was soon following the footprints. Before long a bullet went home and we stood rejoicing over a fine fat buffalo. The native christians soon came with baskets and knives to carry off the meat. But first we knelt around the buffalo and thanked God for the meat. Many natives, hearing shots in the neighbourhood of the village, gathered to see the results, and on rising from our knees there stood the old sorcerer who had twitted us about the antelope, looking on with the rest. So the christian who had been the butt of his jests on the former occasion now stepped to his side, saying 'See how good God is. Had we shot a buffalo away in the forests we should have had a long weary journey to

carry home the meat, so God has sent us a buffalo quite close to the village.'

The following Sunday we preached from the text 'Be sober and diligent, because your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour,' etc. The interest was intense and after the meeting about sixty natives followed us from the meeting. A few did not seem in earnest but had apparently merely come to look on, so we sent them away, and with the rest—perhaps 50 in number—Bro. Salter and I went very carefully over God's plan of salvation as they sat around us upon the verandah of our little home. Finally claiming God's promise 'Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.' Rom. x, 13—we started to pray with the natives, but so eager were they to be saved that they could not wait for each other, and before very long the whole company was praying together, and shouting, and pleading, and finally one by one the natives seemed to gain assurance and a sweet peace and spirit of praise settled down upon all.

Brother Salter and I could do nothing. We felt that the meeting was in God's hands, and all that we could do was to look on, and praise Him, as the tears of gratitude flowed freely.

It is impossible to count numbers. Suffice it to say that while a few have not given evidence of changed lives, many of those who received salvation that day have gone steadily on ever since, so that we have not even yet come to the end of our lion and buffalo story."

CHAPTER V.

BEGINNINGS OF REVIVAL.

THE first anniversary of the brothers setting foot in the Congo was indeed a blessed day; for on that Sunday morning at meeting some cried to the Lord for salvation, two of whom were specially definite, and Brother Burton was encouraged to believe that a quiet but real work was progressing in several hearts. The cook boy had made a half-hearted profession of conversion some time before, but the reality of a deep work of grace in his heart was called in question. To the great joy of the brothers they now found him bearing testimony and exhorting others to come to Christ.

* * *

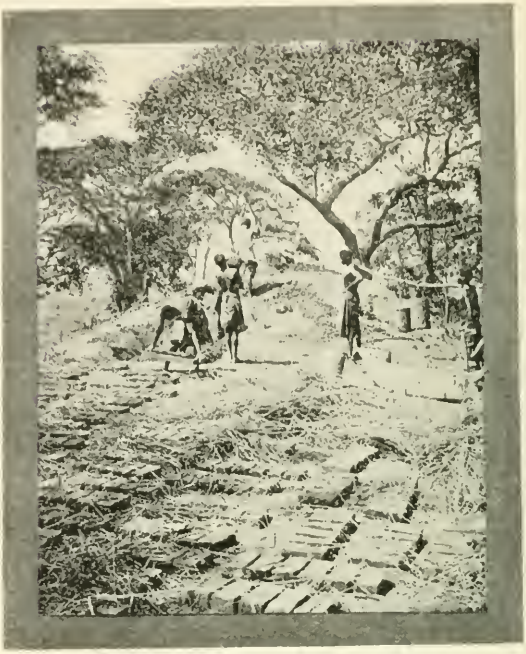
[Letters dated August 20th, October 9th, November 10th, 1916, and January 1st, February 12th, April 16th, and May 15th, 1917, were addressed to Mr. Thomas Myerscough, of Preston. The letter of July 10th, 1917, was a printed circular letter.]

Mwanza, August 20th, 1916.

"Letters often are a great comfort to me, both in the writing and in the receiving of them. God has given us earthly companionship. Even the Christ of God, despite the fact that, in Gethsemane, He was able to see His Father's face in prayer, nevertheless He sought the fellowship of His earthly friends, Peter, James and John. And so tho' I praise Him that I have rolled the burden upon Him, I feel like letting you know it too. Jimmy is in a poor state of health, and some devilish thing has gripped him which I cannot locate. His heart is good, and appetite is fair, but each few days he sinks in absolute lassitude and weakness.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS REMARKABLY HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

I am kept pretty hard at work with the new brick building, and Jimmy has not had strength to do more than check the bundles of grass that come in for thatching—even this seemed a burden almost more than he could stand. To-day the weakness is creeping over him more than usual.



BRICK MAKING.

BRICK BURNING.

Last night (Saturday) I went to the village and had a good talk to the Chief and headmen. The consequence is that to-day's meetings have been fine. The power of God gripped the big crowds that gathered both in the morning and afternoon. But tho' Jimmy spoke a few words this morning with some effort, he was unable to do so this evening. He accompanied me to the village and gave out a hymn, but I could see that even that was too much for him. I am praising God that at the time of writing I am in splendid trim. But it would be just like the enemy of souls to try to hinder us through illness, for the interest is becoming tense, and I've not the slightest doubt that we are in for a big revival. Our Christian boys are praying for it, and we are expecting it. You in the homeland are backing us up in prayer. It's bound to come. Each day the wave of interest rises. The singing of hymns specially moves the people, and to-day the Chief and several leading men were visibly moved. One great massive old councillor said : ' Bwana, we didn't know, and we've been silly enough to invoke fetishes, but our hearts are turned round, and as for me, I'm going to pray to them no more. I'm going to pray to God.'

But to-night Brother Jimmy was almost too weak to get into bed. Its a long time and a long way ere you get this letter, but I know that to-night, even as I write, God will put it on your hearts to pray through with me.

Did I tell you, that, in Johannesburg, a mob came for me, to a new little chapel which Charlie Heatley opened in one of the suburbs. I was taken outside, on to a vacant lot of land, and they threatened to scrag me, etc. But God kept me in perfect peace, and I was able to testify to them of Christ. Only having a little harmless pushing around—Well, I've just heard the sequel. Two fellows who were the ringleaders have been born again, and one of them has received the Holy Ghost—and some of them have sent us £5 for our work in the Congo. So hallelujah! The wrath of man has once more been turned to good account."

Mwanza, October 9th, 1916.

"With a heart full of praise I write of our precious Jimmy's miraculous and complete recovery. Victory came absolutely, instantaneously, and he is now as fit as ever.

At present my rifle has supplied most of our food for some weeks. Last week I dropped two fine reed buck quite close to the path, and we have salted some of the meat. The native christians from Bie have nothing until their gardens begin to

Brother Burton with a "letchwe."

yield, so that most of my meat goes to them. At present grass is short and shooting is easy, but in a few weeks the forests will be almost impassable, and the ground marshy, so that we shall have to fall back on our gardens and our goats. If any of the saints in the little upper room have wholesome garden vegetable seeds to spare, they will be most welcomed here."

Mwanza, November 10th, 1916.

"In the photographs sent last week, I marked one fellow (in the picture of rolling the log to the saw pit) 'very near the Kingdom.' Well, he and a young friend have just yielded to the Gospel and received the Lord Jesus. He is one of the first of these villagers that I ever spoke to of Christ's claims, and he has been the object of much prayer. So with very full hearts, we raise our song of thanks to God.

Rolling Logs to the Saw-pit.

There are several matters in which God has wonderfully provided. The natives here have very little idea of work, and after a few weeks they get tired and stop. Thus on the saw-pit I've trained about a dozen fellows to cut planks, but after a week or so, they said 'Bwana, it's hard work. I'm going to sit in the village.' So they stop work. But, bit by bit, I got enough planks to make a little furniture, and at the time of building our new

house, I had 4 short and 2 long planks unused. I had very little rope for scaffolding, but we prayed God to supply every need, and the planks in hand were just enough to permit me to work on a platform without a scaffold. God saw to it that we had enough. And now that I have moved into the house, we shall need wood to season, so that in a few months' time we can make doors and windows—(for at present we've had no doors and windows since arriving in the Congo. We've shut up nothing, and never had privacy). Hence God has sent me two trained saw-pit natives, who were taught by a Portuguese man 700 miles S.W. It is still hard sometimes to get chickens, but we've had enough."

* * *

Mwanza, January 1st, 1917.

Brother Bowie has just forwarded £14 from you, and I desire to thank you all very much for this most opportune gift. Our stock of matches, baking powder, sugar, etc., has been running very low, and your timely gift will now enable us to get in a fresh stock. There is no grocer's shop round the corner, and we have to allow quite three months from the time we send off the order to the time we receive the goods, for our supplies have to travel from Elisabethville. Over 300 miles journey, and for much of the distance they come by native carriers and boat. How we praise God that He so mercifully cares for our goods. Some of our letters get lost. Some months ago we had no answer to a letter, and have only now discovered that the canoe in which it was carried was overturned on the river; the carrier escaped only with his life. Your gift of seeds also has come to hand. This is fine. We **do** enjoy our vegetables. Even if we are unable to shoot buck, or get native fowls, we can always have a good feast of turnips, beans, green mealies, (maize, corn), mustard and cress, radishes, etc. A good garden is half the battle here in the Congo.

We are having happy times in witnessing for Christ, and are

on the whole in good health (though with occasional slight recurrences of malaria).

The Roman Catholics are exerting all their power to undermine our influence, and to-day, I have discovered that their native catechists have even been secretly visiting our own villages here, and bribing the chief. What a blessed thing it is to know that they cannot thwart God's purposes. Those **who don't want** the truth will believe the Roman Catholic lie, but those who hunger and thirst after righteousness **shall be filled.**

We have just made application for a grant of land for a second station at Ngoimani—two days distant from here. The villages along the Saboi River are very numerous, and we had a blessed week of witnessing there during Christmas week. I was the first white man who has ever been in one village, and in many they have never heard the Name of Jesus.

At present we are undermanned here at Mwanza; but if I put up a small rest house over at Ngoimani, one or other of us can go over for a few weeks occasionally, and preach the Gospel with a view to placing either a native evangelist or white workers there later on. Now, beloved, it will be scriptural if you pray with us for more workers for this great needy land, for He has told us to ask that more labourers be sent forth.

'I am free, I am free,
Jesus paid all my debt on Calvary;
And the blessed Holy Ghost
In my heart is now the host
Hallelujah! blessed Jesus,
I am free.'

(Translation):—

Wa n'kula, wa n'kula,
Yesu wa n'fuchila tuu pa Kalvali,
Ne mu-Spiditu sandu
Muchima ku yula,
Tendelela, Yesu Klistu,
Wa n'kula.

Big congregations continue and at almost every service some express their intention or desire of leaving the life of sin and trusting in Christ. On Sunday morning we had 158 at the Gospel meeting (8-45 a.m.), and in the afternoon at the village there were over 100 gathered in the shade of a big hut to hear the Gospel. The old chief granted the freed slaves from Bie a liberal slice of land on the borders of our mission, and they are already fitting in well, and helping us to tell out the Gospel message in all the villages around. There are five men, six women and 19 children—thirty in all. The leaders carry splendid letters of commendation from the missionaries.

About 3 months ago, a big, hardy, athletic savage arrived at Mwanza from a village away in the swamps, 4 days' journey S.E. He applied for work, and after a few odd jobs, I gave him work on our saw-pit. From the start he evinced a strange affection for me. He was very silent, and always listened most intently to the Gospel meetings in local villages. This morning (Lord's Day) several of my lads undertook to hold Gospel meetings in local villages, so I was free to slip off on my cycle to Lubinda and Kikose to carry them the news of Calvary for the first time in the memory of man.

I didn't like to command anyone to run with me for so long a distance, but Ngoi-wa-Kana, when he heard my intentions, asked to go. He had never made any profession, but I was very glad when, at Kikose, he started in, and preached briefly and well. Then as we sat under a great spreading forest tree, sharing our dinner of green mealies, he opened his heart to me: 'Bwana, I have two wives and four children away on the Pungwe marshes. I wanted God, and when we heard that real teachers (as distinct from Roman Catholics) had arrived at Mwanza, I started with a friend to come and hear your words. My friend turned back. I have heard your words, and have to-day seen that I too can tell out the Gospel. To-morrow I would like to return to my people, and let them hear how they may be saved.' Beloved, you may imagine how my heart runs over with praise at God's way of

working. Excepting for a few months at the end of the dry season it would be courting death for us to venture out into those fever infested swamps. But right here God has been getting ready His own missionary for the job. Hallelujah! Ngoi-wa-Kana says he wishes to return later and receive the Holy Spirit, but is anxious about his home. Pray for this dear fellow.

I might say that we had a most enthusiastic reception at Kikose and Lubinda. Such deafening shrieks and drumming and shouting. Also deep interest in the Gospel message. I left a native christian at Lubinda to answer questions and burn up idols, at the chief's request.

The journey to, and arrival at Ngoimani was not without interest and excitement. The Lungui River was so swollen that little Matokembadi was nearly washed away. He had to tip-toe across with water to his chin, and then nearly one half-mile of mud and slush varying from ankle to waist deep. We found Ngoimani and Kiungu (villages 4 miles apart, on opposite sides of the same valley) on a war footing, and young men with big quivers of poisoned arrows, watching for an opportunity to kill anyone from the opposing village. During the night the Kiungu men got up into the bushes above Ngoimani and shouted a rather amusing defiance at their enemy, declaring that they would stamp the village flat, and take old chief Luambi's head back with them.

Our boys have worked well, and have nearly completed the boundary around the land which I have selected for a government grant—cutting a roadway through the bush, and planting slips of the quickly growing Kaswamasenge tree.

Yesterday a terrific thunderstorm rolled upon us almost without warning, striking a clump of trees quite near the tent. The wind and rain were so violent that I had a lively five minutes tightening the pegs as they pulled out, praying, and hanging grimly on to the rattling swirling, bulging tent fly, while two of the boys held the tent poles, lest they should snap. Now I'm sporting round in a muddy pair of pyjamas, and my mosquito slippers, with scarcely a dry rag in the tent, and apparently more

rain to follow. These are times when a song seems to relieve the situation—

> 'I sing because I'm happy,
> I sing because I'm free;
> His eye is on the sparrow,
> And I know He watches me. Hallelujah!' "

* * *

Mwanza, February 12th, 1917.

"I take opportunity during a very rainy day to let you know how God is answering your prayers. Speaking of his preaching, Paul says: 'We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ in those who are being saved, and in those who are perishing.' Cor. ii, 14. In other words, Paul says—My preaching not only has an effect on the heathen, in saving or condemning them; it also affords pleasure to God, ascending to Him as incense of a sweet savour. Now, I rejoice in this aspect of Gospel preaching. Irrespective of its effect upon the hearers, here in the great dense forests of Central Africa, in places where for centuries God has caught no sound of the blessed Name of His Son, the Lord Jesus, He now has the joy of hearing the Gospel (His own lovingly planned, eternally thought out Gospel), given out in the villages, passed from hut to hut, sung along the forest paths, discussed around the camp fires, and echoed abroad by whites and blacks alike. And God tells us that is a sweet savour to Him. Whoever else may think light of it, He enjoys it thoroughly. Hallelujah! What an honour! I am permitted to give real pleasure to the Eternal God, even if souls are not saved. But, now turning to the heathenward aspect of our preaching, we are beginning to see very definite results, and what I believe is to be the big wide spreading tide of salvation rolling over this land.

Some 13 miles away an old chief 'Ndala' by name, was healed of asthma several months ago, and at that time the power of God was manifested, and people came running together to see. His idol was broken down, and we saw that he desired to trust in

Christ. In the pressure of our work we were not often able to visit this old chief, and he grew cold, and allowed a devil dance in his clearing; but later on, as some christian friends were passing his village, he brought out his charms, fetishes, and the whole paraphernalia, to be burned publicly. Ndala's son, Chigala, has a large village three miles nearer here, and this son has now told Brother Salter that he wishes to burn his fetishes also, and to trust in Christ. In each case the action of these chiefs will have a mighty effect for many miles around.

NATIVE BELIEVERS SINGING HYMNS AS A NEW CONVERT BURNS HIS CHARMS AND MAGIC.

But another case:

Right close to our mission, within a quarter of an hour's walk, is a big village, Kanguba, presided over by old chief 'Mwepo.' His one object in approaching us has been to get presents, and when he found that he could not induce us to give them without

his giving a fair return, he would neither listen to us himself, nor encourage his people to do so. In fact, he often organised hunts, dances, beer-drinks, and other counter-attractions on the Lord's Day, keeping his people from our services. Naturally this led to our focussing a good deal of prayer upon Mwepo and his village. Last Sunday week one of Mwepo's younger sons came up to our verandah, after the morning gospel service, with several other lads, to accept salvation in Christ Jesus. At the time I had not

MWEPO.—NOTE THE CHARMS AROUND HIS BODY.

much confidence in his conversion, but I was evidently mistaken, for he immediately went to Mwepo and said: 'Father, I cannot pour out libations of beer any more, in honour of our dead relatives' (a heathen custom). The same afternoon I visited Kanguba, and found the old chief sitting alone, and very glum because of his boy's change of heart. All his people were at a

funeral beer-drink some miles away. I had a very blessed private talk with Mwepo, showing him the folly of his way and giving him a solemn warning. Toward the end of the conversation the eldest son arrived, and seemed much impressed. On the next afternoon a messenger came along asking me to go to another small village, near Kanguba and tributary to it. The messenger said that Mwepo and his eldest son had together destroyed their charms and now the small under-chief and his people also wanted to know what it was all about. I went at once, and had a most blessed meeting, as the result of which the messenger came again to-day, asking me to return as soon as possible, for several want to be saved, and have expressed a wish to have their charms and fetishes burned publicly.

Yesterday—Lord's Day—Mwepo and his eldest son, Shimbishele, were at our morning meeting, sitting humbly among the people, and taking a real interest in the message. (I was talking of the cities of refuge from the avenger of blood, and a little lad fled for refuge to Christ). At the end of the service, Mwepo came forward and said : ' I was glad to come to-day, and I want always to come with God's people, for I am one of them.' I have not yet had opportunity to talk with him and find exactly on what his faith is based, and I do not want to have people think that baptism or fetish-burning or any such thing is salvation.

' On Christ the solid Rock we stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.'

Another chief, Chembe, of Kilumba, a village 11 miles Northward, an influential man, has always shown himself friendly disposed to the gospel, and though he has not at present professed conversion, yet he always welcomes us gladly, calls his people to hear, presides personally over our meetings, wishes to have a meeting house in his own village, and is manifestly very near the kingdom.

I have given prominence to the chiefs in this report, as it is around these that the people gather, but also we are having happy results among the other lads and men, and there is some evidence

of a move among the women and girls also. It is a great joy to see the young converts earnestly and independently witnessing among their fellows. I have already mentioned in some letters to you that we propose opening a second station, two days' journey North-west from here, in a great thickly-populated and prosperous valley. The people are restless, suspicious, fickle, and independent. They will not supply us with food, and in many ways the work will be difficult, but there are hungry hearts there, and so we are going right ahead as God leads the way. We already have Government permission for temporary settlement, and I propose going over there this week to cut the boundaries, and to prepare for our first building. Dear ones, continue to pray for us; to LABOUR in prayer with us, that Christ may have many thousands of trophies from Luba-land.

One of our native christians has just returned from Ndala and he reports having had splendid meetings. Also at Chigala, on the way home, he was persuaded to stay the night, and ten adults, as well as children and young people, yielded to the Lord Jesus, bringing their charms and fetishes to burn. Hallelujah!"

* * *

Ngoimani, March 7th, 1917.

"The rain is coming down in torrents. The ground outside is all 'on the swim,' and the tent in which I sit is waving and slapping as the wind catches it, and the noise of the water pelting on to my outer canvas tent-fly is like a great roar. Thunder is rolling and lightning is vividly flashing. During the dry parts of the day all the ropes and canvas are slack and limp, but as soon as the rain comes, everything soon becomes taut and rigid. I got a lot of inspiration from these howling, rushing, crashing storms.

How often God's children get slack, lacking in energy, and lose the sense of the awful consequences of a soul dropping into hell, and forget the grandness and completeness of God's salvation

in Christ Jesus. What is needed is a heavenly storm, a tornado that turns things over, and discovers the leaky places in the tent. Its God alone who can show us our own littleness and defects, but it is I alone who can allow Him to do so. Search me, O God, through and through, I want not one scrap of leven, not one leaky spot in my tent, not one day's time to be burned up in wood, hay, and stubble.

While Jimmy is holding the fort at Mwanza, I am putting the finishing touches to the temporary building, and spending as much time as possible scattering Gospel seed. I've caught more than one fish. Hellelujah! One fellow came to the tent about one hour ago with pains in head and body, and when prayed for, God healed him. The pains went at once, and he said he desired salvation.

Its hard for people at home to understand the needs and features of a work like this. A map is nothing to a great many people, but I send you a diagram sketch which will give you some idea of the great needs and possibilities around Ngoimani, and a little of what has been done. Of course to evangelise thoroughly one needs native helpers and a good cycle; and the best preaching can be done on a sort of circuit system, taking in about three or four vilages per day. We have the cycles, and the native lads are just beginning to get keen on soul winning. As one looks across the valley (S.E.) there is a big range of hills behind, and as many more, and even bigger villages away in that direction also. Luba-land for Jesus. Set this country aflame with the Gospel by your prayers.

God is indeed blessing the work here in saving souls, though it has been said to me: 'You don't know the native character. You can't be sure that one of them will be a stable christian.' For my part I want to give Jesus all the glory, so I'll give Him glory now for saving them, and when I see them stable, I'll give Him added glory for keeping them. I haven't any time for these timid, faithless, half-hearted methods. If I begin to doubt all that God is doing, I'll doubt my own salvation next. I'd

rather enjoy the grapes than knock my knees together at the giants.

I'm digging clay for the walls of the temporary house. We exhumed an old human skeleton. Many of my workers are afraid to continue the job. I wish they were as much afraid of sin as of an old lifeless corpse.

'Uphold me—free Spirit,
Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways,
And sinners SHALL be converted unto Thee.'

Yours in God's all sufficient grace.

'Waters to swim in.'"

* * *

Mwanza, April 16th, 1917.

"Here I am down with another dose of fever, and a temperature of 102°F. However, I think the worst of it is over, and I want to write if only a few lines in acknowledgment and thanksgiving for your gift. How I praise God for all His care. I always endeavour to answer letters by return, when dealing with money, but in this case I'm shaky, and my head is all on the swim, so that I feel the donors will not mind if I make the one letter do.

The two ladies are just broken down and weak, and so they leave the day after to-morrow for a few months' rest and change up on the high Tchilongo plateau, and perhaps to South Africa. Also Jimmy is five days' journey distant, so that in two or three days the whole of the mission work and meetings, etc., will be on my shoulders for a while.

Jimmy had a heavy journey to Kabenga. Roads here are not what they are at home. He managed the distance in five days. At this time of year, the little narrow twisting paths are almost hidden in the long soaking grass and forest undergrowth. Often they are worn down into mere gutters by the constant tread of feet, and now are filled with water. Jimmy writes: 'After leaving

Kikondja I was going bare-legged for two days, the ' roads ' being flooded with the exception of a few yards here and there. The vile, evil smelling mud, oftentimes up to one's middle, was a sore trial. My legs are scorched with the sun. Yesterday evening when turning in, my socks were stuck to the raw inflamed sores on my feet.'

However, he was rewarded, on reaching his destination, by

RAINY SEASON TRAVEL.—MUCH OF THE COUNTRY IS MARSHY, AND THE DEW-LADEN GRASS IS OFTEN FROM EIGHT TO TEN, OR EVEN FIFTEEN FEET HIGH.

finding a company of people waiting for his message, and he already reports some definite conversions.

Later :—I have just returned from a four days' trip in the other direction. We had blessed meetings at some large villages, and out native christians rose to the occasion well. Some of the lads are becoming good preachers. During one meeting, some iron

workers from Pianimbayo were present. They heard the message for the first time and asked me to visit their district, where they say there are several big villages up among the hills.

We have been having some very blessed waiting meetings. The other evening when about 20 were on our verandah, praying for the Holy Spirit, the power of God came down. Some had visions. The praise and adoration of these simple Baluba was blessed, but no one has yet been baptised in the Spirit."

* * *

Mwanza, May 15th, 1917.

"Just now we are experiencing the heaviest floods which have been known for years, and even the natives are ill. I have been down with fever more or less severe for the last six weeks, but am strong enough to get around a little and hold Gospel services. But Jimmy is in a critical condition. Just over two months ago, I had a time of mighty blessing among the wild, lawless natives of Ngoimani and Lubinda districts, two and three days' journey respectively from here. One chief was mightily healed, and in another village I put up a little temporary house, in order that we might go over there for a few weeks preaching occasionally.

Lubinda is an influential chief whose arm was healed in answer to prayer and laying on hands in Jesus' all prevailing Name. He has sent, pleading for us to return and tell him more of God's salvation. As I was too weak with fever to take so long a journey, Jimmy set off about three weeks ago to follow up the work which I had started. Soon after he left, I became terribly burdened in prayer for him, and could only groan and cry to God for him. Later, news came that he was lying sick at Ngoimani in the little temporary house which I had put up. I couldn't forbear longer but sent one of our native christians to help him out. I heard nothing further for about a fortnight, when Jimmy himself came staggering in in an awful condition. Some of the native christians went off and had a good cry, and I could hardly refrain from the

same. He was pale and haggard, with eyes sunken, cheek bones standing out, face drawn and white, and limbs like sticks—a living skeleton. He had been too dazed to write, but had been lying semi-conscious at Ngoimani for five days with blackwater fever. This is a most deadly African fever, and more than half the people who get it in this part of the world die within 48 hours. The native christian that I sent—a man baptised only a few weeks ago—on his arrival, neither ate nor slept but prayed through night and day to victory, and truly we owe Jimmy's life to him under God. But when Jimmy came round sufficiently to walk, instead of coming straight back in the hammock, he started off again (scarcely knowing what he was doing) with raging fever; and went with the tent and carriers preaching in village after village for about a 50 mile circuit away beyond Ngoimani, among some of the wildest outlaws and cut-throats in this dark land. At last, providentially, a young trader found Jimmy at Kachimpwe, which is three days' journey from here. He was horrified at his condition, took him to his camp for the night, and persuaded him to return home here without delay.

Now Jimmy is piteously weak, his heart is evidently affected, and he can only walk just short distances. He rests most of the day in bed or in the hammock, and is gradually regaining strength. Thank God, my fever is now gone, and our goats are giving more milk, and the chickens more eggs than usual. All glory to El Shaddai. So that I think he will pull round with plenty of rest. I want him to go to South Africa as soon as he has strength to go."

* * *

Mwanza, 10th July, 1917.

"You will remember that at Christmas time we were surveying to establish a second mission station, in view of fresh oncoming missionaries, expected in answer to your prayers. As a result of this, I made the necessary official arrangements in order to take up a grant of land, and in March I went to the selected spot to erect a temporary house.

March is at the end of a six months rainy season. Violent thunder storms preceded by the most furious tornados, occur practically every afternoon; and often far into the night. The sight of the forest trees lashed into a fury by the frenzy of the shrieking winds, the incessant boom of heavenly artillery, the continuous flashes of extraordinarily vivid lightning, the deluges of rain, which in a few seconds turns the hillsides into rushing torrents, and the level land into pools, all these are utterly beyond description. During the six times that I went that journey of 25 miles between our present station at Mwanza, and the prospective one at Ngoimani, God in His faithfulness always held off the rain. It rained during other days almost incessantly, but not on the days on which I travelled. However for a large part of my journeys I had to travel bare-footed through mud and water from a few inches to waist deep.

The building occupied a month, together with marking boundaries, and cutting the necessary paths, and the diverting of a little streamlet permanently to irrigate the mission land. During this month I had some splendid services, and God graciously confirmed the word by stretching forth His hand to heal in the Name of the Lord Jesus. On my return I found the two Sisters suffering with fever, which has eventually necessitated their leaving for a complete change in South Africa.

At this time, the brother of a chief of a large village five days' journey to the South came to beg us to go and help tell out the Gospel in that place. As I was not strong enough to go at the time, Brother Salter went, experiencing considerable hardship on the road, but great blessing at the end of the journey. To understand rainy season travel, imagine travelling in a ditch nine inches wide, and with grass anything up to twelve feet high sending down drenching sprays at every step. This until 10 a.m., after which add a scorching tropical sun to raise the standing water to uncomfortably near boiling point, and to blister the bare arms and legs of the traveller. When you have thoroughly gripped the above description, I trust that when you next mount a street car,

or sit comfortably in a railway carriage, you will spend a few minutes asking God's blessing on His African missionaries on the tramp.

Owing to the long continued rains and the rising of the Congo River far above the usual level, there has been an exceptionally unhealthy season. Practically all our natives have been down with malaria, and in the villages the wailing for the dead was almost continual, while even the wild animals were affected, and hundreds of thousands of fish died in Lake Niange.

During this time, attendance at our meetings increased by leaps and bounds. Our little chapel holding 150 has been packed, and scores have had to listen from outside in the tropical sun. People came in regularly from 10 and 12 miles away, and I am often encouraged, when visiting villages at a distance, to find that some one or other has come to service at the mission, learnt a hymn, and gone back to teach it (with variations!) to the rest of the village.

As soon as the rain ceased, having previously prepared moulds etc., we started to make the bricks for a big new church and school building, to hold 500 inside (with a squeeze), and a verandah which will run about four feet wide round the building.

One day as I was at work, (Brother Salter having gone over for a stay at Ngoimani), I was surprised to see a Roman Catholic priest appear in long white robe and full regalia. I did not know at first what to do, but after a little upward look, I felt free to invite him to sit down and take a cup of tea. He then told me that he was on his way to Ngoimani, and wished me to resign all claims at that place. I told him I would sooner lose my life than yield an inch to him.

The priest left with many protestations that I was mistaken and that he actually was my friend, but later, in the villages, he warned people not to listen to us, as our doctrine was false. Hence, when later he passed me, before all his following he offered me his hand, and I of course refused, explaining that under such circumstances I should be a hypocrite to shake hands. Where-

upon, and I see how clearly God was in it, in his indignation at my 'insult,' he gave away his whole campaign. The Roman Catholics evidently are determined to encroach and encroach upon us until we have no free village left to preach in. For obvious reasons, I cannot lay bare all the steps I am taking to frustrate their designs, but we realise that the battle is not ours. The same Captain of the Lord's host who appeared to Joshua is with us—the Lord Jesus Christ.

MWANZA SCHOOL.—THE BUILDING OF THE SCHOOL.

Naturally these matters throw added responsibility upon us. The Roman Catholics are teaching youngsters a catechism, and then sending then out as 'catechists.' In this way, villages, where the sick have been healed, fetishes have been burned, and a blessed work of God commenced, are likely to be taken from us. Thus we must train our christians, teach them to read, put Testaments in their hands and send them out. The present situation argues the necessity for native evangelists and a forward movement. We must carry on an extensive progamme in other ways. A couple of months ago, I wondered why suddenly a considerable sum of money came to hand. More than we apparently needed. Now we see that every penny of it will be needed in our forward march for God, and we thank those in the blessed Name of Jesus, who were so faithful in sending it.

Scarcely a week goes by without young fellows yielding to Christ, but alas, we have our disappointments as well as joys in these dear lads. Since we are busy on the building of the big church and school building all day, I do most of my evangelising at night. And very blessed happy times we have together, as a

MWANZA SCHOOL.—THE SCHOOL FRONT.

hundred or two sit around the crackling bon-fires listening to the Word of Life, and singing the Songs of Zion.

A free rendering by Mrs. Richardson of 'Shall we gather at the river' is a special favourite. The natives never tire of a song. They get up with it in the morning, and go to bed with it at night. They sing it as they carry in the timber for the mission building, and it comes floating up the hill, as I sit in the cool of the evening, from the villages all around. Our two beloved and faithful black brothers, Shakayobo and Shalumbo, with their wives, Napaula and Nasele, together with the younger man Shakitu, comprise a

most estimable quintette. They are never weary in the work of God, going out continually when we are needed nearer home, telling with eager earnestness of 'this great salvation,' and never so happy as when they were marching home with a handkerchief full of charms to burn. Often I am almost constrained to urge a rest, but they say: 'Now we realise that war and famine are sounding out Jesus' coming, and we want everyone to know.' Their lives, their love, their prayers and their faithfulness are exemplary. We praise God indeed for these black co-workers, and trust they may soon meet their fullest desire, in being filled with the Holy Ghost. The land is very sunshiny, but hearts are oh so black.

A report comes to hand from Brother Salter in which he mentions praying for a blind girl in the village of Kalembi. After a little while the boys came running to tell him with delight that one eye was already opened, and I doubt not that God will complete this miracle speedily, since this is one of the villages in which the priest has told the people to refuse to listen to us. Here also a man who has suffered for nine months from a terrible bullet wound in his right arm, and has tried all sorts of native charms, came to us with his wounds so putrid and foul that one wondered that the arm had not rotted off. We prayed for him and recommended pure water in liberal applications, with the result that God has beautifully healed up the arm, and though deep scars remain, they are perfectly sound, and covered with firm hard skin.

'Dear dying Lamb Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power.'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUTH OF DIVINE HEALING IN RELATION TO EVANGELISM.

IN a letter to a personal friend in the homeland, Brother Burton tells of the healing of the chief Ndala which resulted in a pressing invitation to return for a few days to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of the chief's village.

"I put up one night at the village of a surly disagreeable old chief 'Ndala.' My boy told me something of what the old fellow was saying in Kiswahili, and it was not polite. So I went for a stroll along the forest path, while the tent was being straightened out, and the green mealies (corn) were steaming, to pray for the chief. I noticed that he had a terrible hacking cough, so I prayed for him, having explained that Leza Mungu, Who made the trees, rivers and hills, had a Son Who died, instead of sinners, and rose again, and that if I asked this risen mighty Son of God to take away the disease it was bound to go. As I laid hands on him, oh how the power of God came down. Villagers came out to look, so that when I was through, I had a crowd, to whom for about one quarter of an hour I explained the Gospel.

My carriers and boy quite entered into the business, explaining matters, and showing that they themselves had grasped the details of my faltering and informal talks, in a way which I little suspected. Then the old chief came forward once more, just shaking with the earnestness of his appeal to ask: 'Won't you come back through my village and stop three days, or at least two, to tell us about this Jesus Christ, the Son of God?' So I've promised [D.V.] to take the tent and spend a week there soon with Jimmy, that he may call his villagers together to hear the Gospel. Oh! that we may have the joy of baptising him!"

In a paper Brother Burton sets forth what the Bible teaches concerning a truth which has a very practical and important bear-

ing upon the service of the Missionary, namely "The Truth of Divine Healing in relation to Evangelism."

"The signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs and wonders, and mighty deeds." 2 Cor. xii, 12. So speaks Paul of his divine credentials. The proof that God had sent ("apostello"-ed) him was the accompanying signs. See also 1 Cor. ii, 4.

Gideon was quite right in assuring himself that the angel (literally "messenger"), who was sent to him, came by divine authority, and so he asks firstly "If the Lord be with us WHERE BE ALL HIS MIRACLES?" And later Gideon prays, "If now I have found grace in thy sight, then SHEW ME A SIGN that thou talkest with me." Judges vi, 13, 17.

God has at all times given his children credentials. When Moses approached Pharoah God gave him **signs**. Ex. iv, 1-8. When Elijah confronted the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel God gave him a **sign**. 1 Kings 18, 38-39. And so it will be right to the times of the tribulation and the end, when God's two witnesses will accompany their testimony with the credentials of Signs. Rev. 11, 6. Jesus Himself said: "The same works that I do bear testimony of me." Jno 8, 36.

When Christ sent forth His first apostles He told them that they must heal the sick (Luke 9, 2; 10, 9) and this command has never been countermanded or withdrawn. The command against taking purse, scrip and money, which command had been given when the disciples were sent to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. 10, 5-6) was abrogated later (Luke 22, 35-36) in view of the world-wide ministry. And whereas before the disciples had not been permitted to take a staff, now they might even buy a sword. But the command to heal the sick was not, either then or at any subsequent time, repealed. It still stands. In fact, when sending His disciples into ALL THE WORLD (Mark 16, 15-20) Christ's last words were: "These signs (credentials) shall follow them that believe." And true to His promise, the Lord plentifully strewed their pathway, as they went forth and preached

everywhere "with SIGNS FOLLOWING." Thus we see Philip at Samaria, healing the sick (Acts. 8, 6-7), Peter at Lydda healing the sick (Acts 9, 34-35), Paul at Lystra healing the sick (Acts 19, 10).

"Oh," says someone, "these were special men, unique men, extraordinary men." And so thought the people of Lystra, for they were about to sacrifice to them. But Barnabas and Paul soon disillusioned them on this point by asking: "Why do you these things? We are men of like passions with you." (Acts 14, 15). Just ordinary, everyday men, but with a God "also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders and with divers miracles, and with gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will." (Heb. 2, 4). And this lasted up to the last chapter of divinely recorded church history where we find Paul still healing in the case of Publius' father on the island of Melita. (Acts 28, 8).

"Well," says some one else, "those were apostolic days." Exactly. And we are still in apostolic days. "God gave some apostles . . . . for the edifying of the body of Christ, **till we all come**, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph. 4, 11-13). Do we yet see the Church a full grown and perfect body, in unity of the faith, etc.? No! Well then there must be apostles still, because apostles were given till then.

Much wrong has been done in this matter by a mis-application of the passage "Am I not an apostle? Am I not free? Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" (1 Cor. 9, 1-2) from which it is argued that an apostle must be one who has seen Christ in the flesh. The foolishness of the argument is manifest, for there is no record that Epaphroditus saw the Lord, but he certainly was called an apostle (Phil. 2, 25), though the Authorised Version translates the same word "messenger." And this brings us to another point. An apostle is simply a "sent one," a messenger. And a missionary is exactly the same thing, "A sent one." "Apostello" is the Greek word meaning "to send," and "mitto" is the Latin

word "to send" from which comes "missionary." They both mean the same thing, and if a man is sent by God, he is an apostle, a missionary. But if God does not send the man, whatsoever he may call himself, he is neither an apostle nor a missionary, for he is not "a sent one."

Now Jesus never divided the Gospel age into two parts. He didn't say: "You are going to have an 'apostolic' age with signs following, and then a 'post-apostolic' age without any signs." No! He said: "As the Father has 'apostelloed' (sent) Me, so have I apostello-ed (sent) you." (Jno. 20, 21). And He told His disciples to make **other** disciples among all nations. (Matt. 28, 19-20. R.V.), and He said: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." So, of course, since Jesus had commanded His followers to heal the sick, they must teach their disciples to do the same. And so we find Paul teaching his disciple to deliver the same things to others, that they may hand on these very things to others also. (2 Tim. 2, 2).

Is it not clear that Jesus Christ, our risen Lord, started off the method of evangelism exactly in the same way that He meant it to proceed? And since "into all the world," "of all nations," "to every creature" and "alway even unto the end of the age" are specifically mentioned in this connection, (see Matt. 28 and Mark 16), are we not grievously to blame, if we take out the healing of the sick from our Gospel propaganda?

Moreover, if people come with a message puporting to be sent from God, have we not a right to expect the credentials of "signs following" as an evidence of their mission or apostleship?

We bless God that, from the very first, in Lubaland He has accompanied the proclamation of His word with "signs following," so that many sick people, who have suffered for years and have been regarded as entirely beyond the help of man, have been blessedly and sometimes immediately restored in the Name of the Lord Jesus.

Moreover, while those healed, in some cases remain unsaved to this day, yet both they and their heathen associates acknowledge

the power of God, and the authority of Jesus' Name in these healings, proving to them clearly that we have been "apostelloed" (sent) by God, since "these signs follow."

* * *

[The following letters dated March 24th, 28th, June 10th, and July 4th, 1916, are personal letters addressed to Mr. Thomas Myerscough, but matter dated April 15th, June 4th, and July 1st, 1916, are "Reports."]

Mwanza, March 24th, 1916.

"Your kind letter is to hand in which I note that £23 is on its way. I read the news while sitting in the stifling heat of the little Belgian "poste" overlooking Lake Kisale, and my eyes filled with tears at the faithfulness of our great God. I'm of the opinion that the officials thought I'd received bad news, but with stately Belgian courtesy they said nothing.

Three days before Brother Salter and I had been talking of our project of leaving Mwanza Kisangu to the ladies, and of the expenses which must be incurred in establishing a new station, and in moving our outfit again. We resolved to lay the matter before God, and definitely ask for our needs to be met before the rains cease, when we would set out. Your letter seemed like a beam of glory straight from the Father's throne. I believe I wrote last week telling you that I was still a bit weak from malaria. I praise God that "to those that are without might He increaseth strength." I'm just completing the last day's march of a 70 mile trip necessary for a government transaction. In places the water was waist deep. Often the grass was 15 feet long, and for the first two hours of the journey each day we have been drenched with dew. Yet I have had no difficulty or over fatigue whatever.

This morning we passed the fresh 'spoor' (tracks) of elephants, bush buck, lions, buffalo, water buck, wild boar, reed buck, etc. The little Kisala children ran a long way to see me on the road, while for fun, I occasionally chased them with the cows

tail switch which I carry to keep off the flies. At last they ran back with shouts of ' Enda biampe, Bwana '—' Journey well, sir.' At the Lovoi River, the current is now so swift that the crocodiles cannot get up, so I and my carriers had a glorious swim. There are very many dear old bony, grey haired, shrivelled up native women, who, with the children, are generally disregarded and made the drudges of the community. I **always** make a point of greeting these ' Eys, mama, Wakumapo '—' Oh yes, mother, you have health.' They give such a hearty grateful reply to such an honour as being noticed by a white man.

Lake Kisale (a huge marsh, about as big as Morecambe Bay, and bounded by mountains, with the Congo River flowing through) is governed by young ' Chief Kikondja ' and he receives royalty and a percentage of all fishing in the lake. I went to his village and met him yesterday. Dressed in good European clothes, he is a fine stately fellow of about 23. He speaks and writes French, rides about in a hammock, carried by six swift runners. His manners are faultless, but he refuses to sanction a mission station there, because he has a huge number of wives (of whom he takes 15 or 20 favourites wherever he goes), and he knows that Christianity forbids this. However, there are dozens of villages about the lake, and I believe God will have His witnesses there even if He has to remove Chief Kikondja.* I think, however, this territory can be better worked by native evangelists than by Europeans, as the mosquitoes are there in billions.

Mimpriss is a most useful book, but if you think it too ponderous to forward, then leave it. What about the Alford New Testament? Three of four volumes? Are they still in Preston and not in use? If so, is there any objection to our having them here? Of course, book post is one of our greatest boons, books being

*It is interesting to note in September, 1921, that God has removed this Chief, who was killed by an elephant; and the Chief who has taken his place is favourably disposed towards the Gospel. The Mission has now three evangelists and three schools among these great fishing villages.

the one thing which can be got through **cheaply**. We've all but six chapters of Luke now translated, also bits of Romans and Revelation. Now that we are commencing translation work, I feel that we cannot be too careful to use all reliable information possible in setting forth the **exact** word of God.

Three of four times along the track to Kisale fellows came and took my hand and pleaded : ' Bwana, won't you let me come and lay table or cook for you, or keep the paths and gardens in order, or anything; for we want to know about Jesus Christ, the Son of God.' It is harder and sadder than I can possibly explain to say ' No!' to such appeals. Far and wide, village after village, district after district is open. The Administrator tells me of Mutombo Muhulu, a big densly populated district, some 200 miles S.W. of here where they are ready for missionaries to come. There is no one between us and there to preach Christ, and there are many villages on the way, so that if we can get the right people here, an immense work can be done. People who know by practical experience the power of God, and have ministered faithfully and successfully at home, and who know their Bibles, and have God's seal of speaking in tongues as a sign that they have received God the Holy Spirit—people who are out for souls, God can use here. Oh! that I had a dozen such chaps as my beloved Jimmy here."

* * *

Mwanza, March 28th, 1916.

" Even here in the heart of Africa they are taking the natives to carry loads to Tanganika for those fighting against the Germans, and are also going from village to village buying up big quantities of chickens and meal, so that food is hard to get and also labour is getting more expensive, so that your generous gifts are a great help in furthering on the work.

Central Africa is just now undergoing a big change. The older people wear a cloth around their loins made of bark or grass; but the younger ones wear cheap cotton cloth around them, or

even trousers. The elder generation have their hair cut into 'pig-tails.' The younger generation have their hair cut short in European fashion. The elder people live in wretched little round grass huts, dotted here and there in the forest. The younger make neat square houses with mud walls and verandah,

Old Type of Luban Hut.

and arrange their houses in two neat straight rows with a big open space in between. The older people fish with basket traps, but the younger with fish hooks; and so on.

This sudden waking up of Africa to a new order of things is a marvellous, an unparalleled opportunity for presenting the realities of Christ, to take the place of their evil, cunning witch doctors. They are already casting away their fetishes and charms, and yet for hundreds of miles there is no one to point them to Jesus, so they will sink into drunkenness, immorality, and into the atheism of many of the whites of this land.

They are **civilized** people **just as much as Europeans**, but with a different sort of civilization. We have many different tradesmen in the village, who are very clever at their work. There is the blacksmith. He has a wonderful pair of bellows made of wood and skin, and his hammer and anvil are stone. He makes arrow

New Type of Luban Hut.

heads, axe heads, hoe heads, spear heads, etc., out of iron which the natives themselves mine and refine from the iron ore in the hill sides. Then the salt maker gets a wonderfully good salt from burnt reeds. The cloth maker makes cloth from palm leaves, grass, bark, or the papyrus. The basket makers are so skilful that they can make baskets tight enough to carry water in. The potters can make many kinds of pots and bowls, which will stand the fire as well as our cast iron saucepans; and vegetables cooked in them are much sweeter. The boat makers can make very fair canoes hollowed out of a single log. One often hears them chip, chip, chipping away in the forests. There is a tailor who sews with lock-stitch. I gave one boy an old worn-out waistcoat. The

GRASS-CLOTH WEAVING.

tailor got it to copy from, and now there are about a dozen of similar waistcoats about the village—blue, red, black, white, etc. Then there are village policemen who do everything but keep order. I mustn't forget to tell you of our wireless telegraph operator! He was probably working his wireless telegraph hundreds of years before we thought of it in England, How? Why, with drums. No white man has probably ever properly learned the code. But I can send a message 50 miles away in less time than I can write a letter. The drummer here hits off the message on the drum. The next village passes it on, and so it goes forward. On a clear night the drums can be heard 12 miles away. When the two Sisters were coming to join us, we knew of their departure from Tchilongo (which is 300 miles away) the same night—i.e., about a month before they got here. The news had come, from village to village, all the way on the drum.

CHILDREN WEARING CHARMS.

The village doctors are consummate scamps. They make medicine from dead men's hair, dogs' blood, elephants' dung, owls' feathers, etc. The person who is sick does not swallow the medicine, but wears it round his neck! We have no barbers. Husbands and wives scrape each other's hair off with a piece of glass or native knives. They do not only say 'I'm married to Banzi,' but they say 'I shave Banzi,' which means the same. English people who have come up here have told me how stupid

these people are, and that they cannot work. At first I thought so too. I brought with me spade, pick-axe, pitch-fork, rake, felling axe, etc. But when I gave a native my pick and shovel to dig foundations for the house, he took five days to dig three holes. So I asked him if he would rather use another tool. He said : ' Yes, I'll bring my spade.' It was a little scrap of iron in the end of a stick, but he dug 15 or 20 holes a day with it. And in cutting down trees, they struggle all day with my big axe, but with their own miserable little native axes, they chip away and down topple the trees in no time. They bent the teeth of my rake, and broke the pitch-fork, so I let them bring their own ' lubibo '—three bits of stick—and they rake up the grass and rubbish splendidly. So you see they are civilized, but with a civilization of their own. But we want to bring Jesus to them in the midst of their own.

They are very polite. If one man comes into a gathering of a hundred or more, he says : ' Moyo '—how d'ye do—to each one, rubbing each shoulder with a little bit of dust each time.

It is very hard to know what is going on deep down in their hearts. I sometimes think that they want to be Christians in order to be like the white man. But if we are faithful in preaching the right Gospel, I **know** that God will be faithful in giving the right results, ' God working with them and confirming the Word with signs following.' You know it says in Proverbs : ' As the cold of snow in time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to those who send him, for he refreshes the soul of his masters.' How hot and oppressive it is in the hayfield. The sun beats down, and the hay reflects the heat, and one is tired through having got up early, and longs for tea time to come.

I think God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are like that. They are tired of professing christianity, and the sultry heat of battle and wholesale murder, of Christ rejection, and the disobedience of the Church. What can we do to refresh the mighty Godhead? We can be faithful messengers, and refresh the soul of our Heavenly Master. So I'm not responsible for appearances

and apparent results, but in village and forest, before black and white, to individuals and companies, to the chief and to his slaves, to the village elders and to the wee children, oh God, help me to refresh my Saviour by being a faithful messenger."

* * *

Mwanza, 15th April, 1916.

"Having occasion to go to the great Kisale Swamp and also on a three days' trip Northward, I longed that friends at home might have been with me to 'look on the fields ripe unto the harvest.' The opportunities in this district are very great indeed. In one village I was able to pray for the old chief. His people gathered round as I laid hands on him in the Name of Jesus, affording me a fine opportunity for preaching Christ. He begged me on bended knees to come again for a few days, to preach Christ to his villagers. Naturally, in their fear of the white man, many natives ran into the forests, but in other places numbers of people gathered round; the lepers, the people dropping asleep on their feet with sleeping sickness, the old tottering women, and great gaunt skinny old men of the vanishing generation, the lithe, free, supple men and tatooed women in the pride of life, and the shy, wee pickaninnies peeping round from their mothers' loin-cloths, just as they hang to mother's skirts in the homeland. As I went up to the little groups and families, sitting on their grass mats, in the shade of palm and banana trees, they would listen with perfect respect and attention to the Gospel message. There is an immense field waiting to be occupied. At Kilumba there is a group of abut six villages; some of them quite large. They are just killing each other off. We saw huts falling into decay and fruit trees with no one to pluck the fruit. I rested at one of the Kilumba villages, and the chief and his people gathered in large numbers. I was too tired to have a proper meeting, but as my food was being prepared, I sat on my camp bed and had a little informal talk. The chief was so interested that he accompanied us a long way on the road as we went on.

At Kabumbulu there is a very genial friendly trader. He proposes leaving his place shortly, and has offered us his whole place, houses, gardens and all; one of the prettiest, neatest trading camps on this part of the Congo River. He says that if we like he will just move out and let us move in free of cost. I climbed a precipitous hill only a couple of miles from this place, to see if the population was large, and I could see villages stretching in every direction. Really a tremendous opportunity, though there are other reasons why it would possibly not be well to accept this offer. I found one of the local councillors ill. He was sitting on his mat in the shade, looking poorly and miserable. So I went to greet the old fellow, and he listened most attentively while I told him of a mighty Christ, who heals the sick, and Who can wash the heart clean from sin. When I had fully finished, he said: 'Yes, Bwana, I understand what you say; but Who is this Jesus, and where can I find Him that I may believe in Him, and that He may heal me, and wash my heart?' Almost the words of the blind man in John 9, 36, 'Lord, who is he, that I may believe on him?'

The rainy season is now practically finished, and next week [D.V.] Brother Salter is going up the river to Bukama—150 miles South of here—to get our next six months' supplies, which should arrive there by native caravan within the next few days. Every forenoon a native comes to help me with the language study, and we praise God for progress in the language."

* * *

Mwanza, 4th June, 1916.

"It is Sunday evening, and we have just finished our little 'breaking of bread' service. Poor Jimmy Salter is, I grieve to say, in considerable pain. He went off to Kabumbulu (a village some 19 miles distant) on the cycle on Wednesday, and on the road the pedal of the cycle struck a tree stump, and hurled him to the ground with the left arm beneath him. I am inclined to

believe that the outer bone of the two forearm bones is damaged, and have made splints and fixed him up as well as possible, but naturally he has suffered considerably. He is a dear, patient fellow and does not say much, but I feel grieved to see him suffering. However, we have committed the arm to the Lord, and believe that He will fully restore it. How much we enjoy our Sundays here! It is indeed blessed to gather the people around

TINY HUTS FOR THE WORSHIP OF DEPARTED SPIRITS. EVERY NIGHT A WARM EMBER, AND EVERY MORNING A LITTLE FOOD IS PLACED IN THE HUT FOR THE WARMTH AND SUSTENANCE OF THE DEPARTED RELATIVE.

us and tell them of Jesus. To-day, I have been dwelling much on Paul's great sermon on Mars' Hill, Athens. A marvellously fitting message for heathen people who do not know anything of God's plan of salvation. 'I see truly that in all things you are much given to invoking spirits.' Acts 17, 22-31.

Here one sees little grass houses, about 18 inches high,

beside the huts. These wee houses are called 'nkishi,' and are inhabited, so the natives say, by spirits. Thus, when a man goes out hunting, he first asks his 'nkishi' to prosper his hunt; or if one is sick, the 'nkishi' is requested to drive the sickness away. In all things they invoke spirits, as the Atheneans did. These people have strange ways of judging cases of suspected crime, called 'Mwavi.' The Government has forbidden the

PLACE WHERE A LUBAN WIDOW BURIES THE HAIR AND PILLOW OF HER DEAD HUSBAND, AND WHERE SHE POURS OUT BEER FOR HIM—GENERALLY AT THE CROSS ROADS.

practice, but it is undoubtedly in regular practice when the officials are away from the villages. Some of these are :—

(1). 'Mwana a kasolwa.'—Trial by axe: in which the suspected person holds a heated axe-head in his hand, and if the hand blisters, he is considered guilty.

(2). 'Mwavi a mema asaluka.'—Trial by boiling water. Here the suspected one has to pick a stone from a pot of boiling water, and if the skin leaves his hand he is pronounced guilty.

(3). 'Mwavi a bulembe.'—Trial by poison: in which the suspected person drinks a gourd of poisoned water, and if the poison makes him vomit he is considered innocent; but if it has some other effect or makes him swell up and die then he is supposed to have been guilty.

Stealing is very rare, and the reason is not far to seek, for one may see people about the villages with the right hand cut off at the wrist. They are butts for the continual scorn of those who see them, or are pointed out with jesting—'That man's hand was chopped off for stealing.'

Our house boys and a few of those about us seem to show a real desire after God, and we believe the long-desired outpouring of salvation and blessing is not far distant."

* * *

Mwanza, June 10th, 1916.

"Truly the Lord is loosening our grip of the things of earth, and preparing us for that glorious upward bound to meet the risen Christ in the clouds. I do praise God that He has given the Phillips' grace and backbone enough not to compromise in the matter of going to war. War, pestilence, famine, death, hell—these things had, a few years ago, seemed the spectres of a past age, and folks felt so secure behind British bulwarks that one might have considered that the Union Jack availed for the world to come as well as here. But now—God has certainly been shaking things, and we find no fault with Him. His purposes in judgment and grace are all of them perfect, glorious, and flawless. What have the people to say who believed that we were civilizing ourselves into a millenium, now that 46 per cent. of the world is involved in war? She is staggering through blood knee-deep, but she will be up to the chin in it before Christ extricates her, and begins His reign by shattering the nations like potters' vessels with His iron rod.

How blessed it is to feel that we are one with Him in all His designs. That we are ambassadors of the King of Kings, carrying His unparalleled proclamation of Sovereign grace to Lubaland. And how are we getting on? Its hard to say, but we're going right ahead, telling out the message and relying on God to work the results. The Husbandman has **long** patience for the seeds to come up and grow. Sometimes I'd like to scratch up the seed

OPEN AIR MEETING UNDER A WILD FIG TREE. WE HAVE PREACHED TO SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE AT ONCE UNDER THIS TREE.

and see how it's sprouting. But I know that if we sow bountifully, we shall reap bountifully. So we're sowing, sometimes with headache and touches of fever, sometimes with exuberance of spirits. Sowing among the boys who work for us, and in the villages around. Sowing to Europeans and natives, Jews and Gentiles. Sowing with paucity of expression and vocabulary. Sowing to big crowds of natives gathered together to hear the

Word, and often also in little words dropped to individuals. I don't know which will prosper, this or that, or whether both alike will be good, but will trust God for an abundant harvest.

During these last few weeks I've felt a great drawing to prayer. It seems to me as though the whole future of the Mission is in the balances. Either it will be an ordinary humdrum mission, or it will be a mighty deluge that will sweep from home to home, village to village, till billows of salvation and grace roll over this dark land. No one knows the great longings of my heart for God's very **best** to come to these dear dark skinned Baluba. Let us pray right through until the blessing comes.

You ask if there's anything you can send. Thank you so much for your loving thoughtfulness and care. Among the most useful things are safety-pins and needles (fairly large), cotton (cheap, small reels), brass-headed nails (the cheapest variety). Don't get small boxes and cards, but the cheaper assorted kinds in bulk. A safety-pin here will buy two eggs, and we can get a fowl for three needles."

* * *

Mwanza, 1st July, 1916.

"From time to time we are greatly encouraged by letters telling of prayer on our behalf, and indeed we realise that we are not independant units, but part of God's great Gospel army. Some do the praying, and it falls to our lot to do the preaching and the tramping.

Since this is so, I feel that I am fully justified in laying before you all the burden of my heart. Rom. 1, 16 tells us that the Gospel which we carry is the power of God. For months we have struggled with language and other difficulties, in order to present the Gospel to the natives. If we are equipped, as we believe, with the same dynamic as were the early christian saints, then the same upheaval, the same conviction, and the same accompanying signs must be ours. We praise God for the one or two, who, we feel,

are being stirred up to serve the Lord; but God is surely not satisfied with this little and so we cannot be satisfied. Now is the time for people to be shaken with a mighty conviction. Now is the time for these dark heathen to feel the burden of their sins, and flee to Christ, the sinner's only Refuge. No doubt the people are interested, but they are not aroused. They have not tasted 'the power of the world to come.' They have not shuddered at the awful gaping hell which awaits them. Of course many are only now commencing to grasp the purport of our message, and again others start out with their bows and arrows to hunt when they know we are coming to preach. We cannot expect the harvest all in a moment. 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' Mark 4, 28. I have no fault to find, no disappointment to express. God has worked blessedly; but I feel that now is the time for us to unite in prayer, that God will do a mighty work of grace. He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. So in the next few months, we shall doubtless reap a harvest commensurate not only with our preaching but also with your praying. My whole being calls to God for precious souls. Oh for a Baluba Pentecost. Something which shall satisfy Christ Jesus, our blessed reigning Lord, for the travail of His soul.

Last week, Brother Salter and I were out to the North preaching. We go from village to village, district to district where there is not a saved soul. No one has ever heard the Name of Jesus. Truly 'darkness covers the face of the deep.' Oh, Spirit of God, third Person of the Trinity, move upon the face of the waters. Oh irresistible God, in the Name of the Lord Jesus, do Thou speak the word, 'Let there be light!' and there SHALL be light. To-night, if you could sit with me at the table as I write, you would hear the sound of chanting, and the 'rub-a-tub' of the drums. A filthy devil dance is in full swing, and since it is Saturday night, the signal drum will presently go, inviting the people to the witch-doctor to-morrow morning, in order to prevent their coming to hear the Gospel. 'Sons of men, can these bones live? Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry

bones, hear the Word of the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded. Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. And the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.' Ezekiel 37.

Beloved, are we going to have a Baluba army when Jesus comes? It rests with me—and you! My Jesus, I don't want just a few for Thee. I want hundreds and thousands.

I'm hungry, hungry for them to turn to God, so let us pray constantly and expectantly: as though our own souls were at stake."

* * *

The following are extracts from a personal letter written by Bro. Burton to a friend in Johannesburg :—

Brother, you can understand, I think, how I feel. We are now able to preach in Kiluba for half an hour at a stretch. The burden of souls is heavily upon us: the villages are in the hands of the devil. Never a Gospel shout to shake his hold has ever reached the people. I have not the strength or time for preaching and building too. This is the time when Christ may be theirs. I cannot put any time into bricks and daga. So we have all agreed to let the building stand over, and go in for quarrying living stones from all the surrounding villages, for God's eternal temple. I am keeping half a dozen natives at work turning out 500 bricks per day until the rains set in, in September, and we are giving ourselves over to the language, prayer and the Gospel. I cannot tell you the inexpressible joy and satisfaction that floods my soul as I give out the message to the people as they sit around on the ground. Oh, Hallelujah! You understand. The power of God comes down, and the people are gripped. We want to preach Christ in every village within a day's march of here before the rains set in; there are many scores in all directions. Some with just a few inhabitants, and others with hundreds. Bro. Salter and I set out with the tent on Saturday or Sunday morning

and preach around till Monday or Tuesday, and then we pay other visits during the week, or sometimes take more extended tours. Also we have long personal talks with our carriers en route. One or two boys specially love to accompany us, and fire continual volleys of questions at us along the road. Then as we lie in our

BROTHERS BURTON AND SALTER IN CAMP.

camp-beds at night, we can hear the natives around the crackling logs, preparing their food, and at the same time detailing to an interested audience, what we have been telling them along the forest paths during the day. Also if we have preached in a village at mid-day, those who come in later, from the gardens or from hunting and fishing, wish to know what we have come for, and

what we have said. Of course the villagers promptly go over the Gospel story again and again, discussing all the details. This is excellent from three points of view. First: It carries the Gospel message to scores, and perhaps hundreds that we do not see personally. Second: It enables us to correct our expression, and couch the Gospel message in true Kiluba idiom. Third: It helps us, if we are still present also, by showing how much of our message the people have intelligently grasped, and how correctly. We can thus counteract or guard against incorrect conceptions and impressions. At one time or another, some of our carriers and boys accompanying us have been healed by the laying on of hands in the Name of Jesus. Thus, when we proclaim Christ the great Physician, they readily and spontaneously testify, and also take us to others who are sick. I believe it will not be long now before we have a band of christian natives equally ready to testify of this "so great salvation." Our Baluba suffer from many faults, but bashfulness and backwardness at speaking are NOT among them.

We are indeed mightily privileged in being able to carry Christ to this people. Mercy, love, reconciliation, grace, peace, are all quite strange to them, and even the words which we use to express these are only approximations. They have not a genuine expression for love, and the only way to say "He has mercy" is by terms that imply that it almost kills Him to stoop to such a soft and undignified thing. Their whole lives have been occupied with pillage, debauchery, murder, drunkenness, fighting, feasting, immorality, torture and the like. They still occasionally bury wives with a dead husband. The Government forbids it, but it is practised behind the officials' backs. In one village near here, an old man and wife listened earnestly to the Gospel, and we have some reason for thinking that the old man received the Lord Jesus. He died, and a few days later Bro. Salter went again to the village to preach and was told, on asking for the old woman, "She died, and was buried with her husband." We could read the remainder of the tragedy between the lines. The widow does not, as a rule,

fear or resent being buried with her husband, but steps deliberately into the grave, and affectionately clasping the corpse, allows the earth to be shovelled in over the pair. Also poison trials are practised on the sly. The rite of circumcision—with every debasing accompaniments—is practised on boys from 10 to 12 years of age. As soon as children's second teeth appear, the two front ones at the bottom are knocked out with a piece of wood, and the corresponding two top ones are filed to a point.

Many of the middle-aged men have half of one ear cut off. A sign that they were prisoners in the hands of the Batetela, who raided this district from the North some eight to ten years ago. This raid, and that of Mushidi from the South, are two useful chronological points, for many people do not know their own age, but if a fellow says that he became a man, that is, went through the circumcision ceremony before the Batetela came, we know that he is about 20 years of age.

We come upon many signs of old villages in the forests and along the water-courses, but sleeping sickness, small-pox, and the small value set upon human life have evidently thinned out the population. Moreover, in order to terrorise these people, the Batetela raiders impaled vast numbers on sharp-pointed stakes and left them to struggle until death intervened.

It is just exactly a year ago since I left Johannesburg Station amid the tears and cheers, and prayers of a big crowd. And this morning (July 2nd) at the meeting, as though to commemorate that notable event, God gave us two souls. They cried aloud for salvation. My great longing is for a real harvest among these people. I have watched one of these for some time with real interest, for he has been another Nathaniel: absolutely guileless, and true to his convictions from the first time we presented the Gospel message to him. I see that it may not be long now before we shall have natives ready to preach and teach their own people. But oh, what problems we are up against! These people know no self-restraint. They have no home government. The children are

never punished in the home or taught to obey. They are outrageous liars. Truly it will manifest the grace of God, in all its grandeur and power when these dear folk are turned into saints, and made fit to preach the Gospel. One lad seems to be heart and soul in winning others. He accompanies us from village to village, helps in the singing, and acts as exhorter after we have done preaching. He is at present cooking for us. We go very slowly as these natives are apt to get "swelled head" if one takes undue notice of any special one. But I think that he may later drop cooking and continue to help us entirely in the preaching. He has not yet received the Holy Spirit.

* * *

Mwanza, July 4th, 1916.

"We had felt that we might move on now when the dry weather has come. I know therefore that you will be interested in hearing of our final decision. My health has *not* been good, and therefore I believe it would involve too much strain to start a second station this year. Hence we are staying right on here. We have got a run of the native paths now, and the direction of the villages, and are by degrees getting into a sort of circuit plan, by which we can go out for four or five days' trips, preaching at a round of villages. In this way, I believe, that by degrees, as the work of clearing, building, etc. lessens we may be able thoroughly to evangelise a very large area without much difficulty or fatigue.

I started in on a big building, to be used as a chapel and school, but as I cannot get the necessary speed out of the raw natives for turning out bricks, I am contenting myself this season with the brick making and timber hewing. In this way we should be able to put up the building next season with little trouble or delay. But beyond the chapel, I'm taking no responsibility, and making no promises, as I feel that I have all too little strength and reserve force (this climate takes it out of one terribly), and I want to use what I have in winning souls for Christ.

The things that are seen (bricks and roofs) are temporal, but the things which are unseen (souls won for Jesus) are eternal."

CHAPTER VII.

NEW RECRUITS.

Dear Brother,

"In reply to your suggestion that I have not sufficiently introduced my wife to the friends who are interested in the Congo work—I would give the following account of her and of our meeting.

Soon after my arrival in South Africa in 1914 I spent 3 months in Basuto-land with a Bro. and Sister Saunders. Mrs. Saunders was my future wife's elder sister. Later I was ministering for some weeks around Bloemfontein, where I was the guest of a Bro. and Sister Raine. Mrs. Raine was my future wife's younger sister. Then at a Convention in Johannesburg we—Miss Helen Trollip and I—were guests in the same home.

Naturally, having met her sisters, a bond of interest was formed, and at that time we had blessed seasons of fellowship together over God's word.

Miss Trollip had been saved and filled with the Spirit some time before, and, like myself, she had the unspeakable privilege of a godly home and parentage.

In addition to this, many qualifications made her eminently suitable as a missionary. Born among the natives (her grandparents having gone out to settle in South Africa from England), she understood them thoroughly, and already knew something of the Xosa dialect.

Having taken a fair share with her parents, brothers, and sisters in the managing of the farm, and putting together of the home, she was already trained as a pioneer—and having been instrumental in leading those around her into deeper blessing, she had for years, in a quiet and steady way been prepared by God for future service.

But for myself, I had been called to Central Africa, and believing that it was too unhealthy a place for me to consider taking a wife there, I had resolutely put from my mind all thoughts of matrimony. Hence, when I left South Africa for the Congo, Miss Trollip and I were only warm friends, and as such used to occasionally correspond.

In 1917, I cleared much of the undergrowth from around our Mission home, and realising that the anopheline mosquito (which carries malaria), breeds out in pools, puddles and damp hollows, I drained or filled in all these within 300 yards of the house. Then as the rainy season started we were delighted to find that the anopheline mosquitoes did not return, and that our mission site remained comparatively healthy. Thus I realised that my former conclusions, as to the Congo being too unhealthy to allow of my taking a wife there, were groundless.

Another matter which was of importance in turning the scale of my opinion was the fact that native women in the Congo have so often and so shockingly been treated by white men, that we male missionaries could not properly reach them. If won they must be won, for the greater part, by Sisters.*

Now what follows is more easily felt than told. The married people will say 'Why, we felt that way too,' and as for the single ones, well, I hope that they will also enjoy the same. The fact of the matter is, as soon as I permitted myself to acknowledge that it was feasible to have a wife in the Congo, I found that I was head over ears in love. Now Brother don't expect me to tell you all about that part! I can't! But anyhow the end of the whole matter is that I went to South Africa alone and returned to the Congo with a wife. And how can I sufficiently praise God for His gift. One prepared for me long before we met, and just suited in every sense to be my help-mate and life com-

*It was about this time that God, unknown to me, gave Miss Trollip a very clear call to just such work, so that the elders of her assembly in South Africa laid hands upon her, separating her to the ministry of the Gospel.

panion in the work of carrying Christ to the Congo—'The woman whom the Lord hath appointed out.' Gen. 24, 44."

HAVING completed the construction of a fine big church and school building, whose seating capacity is 400 or 500, Brother Burton became so weak with fever that he felt it advisable to get right away from Mwanza and the work, and to have a complete change. In September, 1917, he accepted an invitation to visit his next door neighbour, Mr. Dan Crawford at Lake Mweru, a distance of 21 days' journey. He was away from home altogether two months "spending a happy time in roaming the forests, splashing in the streams, preaching in outlandish villages, far away in almost unknown corners of the North end of the great Kibara plateau.

NATIVES COMING TO CHURCH AT MWANZA.

[The letter dated January 18th, July 15th, and November 15th, 1918, were written to Mr. Thomas Myerscough, Preston; and the letter also contained in this chapter dated Bukama, July 21st, 1918, was a printed circular letter to friends in South Africa.]

"Despite the efforts of the Romish priests to forestall us and prevent our preaching in the villages, our work is spreading gloriously. We have a nice band of native christians out preaching and living in the villages. It is hard for those at home to understand what these dear fellows have to endure for Christ. On several occasions we have found that there was famine in the places where they were preaching, and being unable to obtain food, they went without for two or three days at a stretch in order to bear the news of Christ to their heathen neighbours. They are open to insults and abuses from enemies of the Gospel such as our white skins save us from. They are exposed to the dangers and discomforts of the rains and floods. On more than one occasion they have very narrowly escaped the troops of vicious elephants which roam the country at this time of the year.

To-day, news comes of one dear fellow who is lying ill in a village 19 miles from here—an inhospitable place—where natives seem to divide their time between beer drinks and inter-village quarrels. I was with him last week, and he told me how in one village which he regularly visits, twenty-six are born again and awaiting baptism.

Here is a little piece of multiplication. Our native evangelists are now usually about six in number (though sometimes as many as ten or a dozen natives christians are out). Each one of these holds from two to six meetings per day—say an average of three. They frequently visit six or eight villages a week. The services are not always well attended, though occasionally very large crowds gather. Usually the number present will be between 20 and 150. Average 50 people per service, three services a day and six evangelists at work, and you will thus see that in the 30 or 40 villages evangelised, there is a weekly attendance over all of 6,300

hearers. Here is a land which, when we entered it two and a half years ago, knew not even the Name of Jesus, excepting where the Open Brethren are at work, and where now 6,300 are being regularly preached to each week. Of course, our hearers change, and I suppose that over twenty times that number altogether have now well heard and grasped the purport of our message. Surely

TWO YOUNG EVANGELISTS (KATONTOKA AND MASOKOCHI).

'He that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully.' One of these days you will meet many of them in glory, and see their happy black faces, and hear their testimonies as to the grace and love which they found in the Lord Jesus.

And our converts have to stand some hard knocks too. One village—Kabango—has been blessedly stirred. The people have been visiting us fairly regularly, and some have confessed Christ.

But between us and them is a vindictive, ambitious young Chief. The Chief and people have remained steadfast at Kabango despite this young fellow's threats and insolence, so he raided Kabango village, carried off all the goats, ducks, and chickens, stabbed an old woman to death, broke their cooking pots, and generally destroyed or abused all that he could lay hands upon.

I visited Kabango a week ago, and amid the ruins of the cooking pots and the piles of destroyed food, I preached the Gospel to a big gathering, and was delighted to find that there was no vindictive revengeful spirit, and that the young converts had no desire for retaliation, but had humbly committed their loss into God's hands, saying, 'He is our Father, let Him do unto us as He sees fit.'

We have another white worker with us, Brother Gatzke, a South African. He is already a great help, and is quickly picking up the language. He is not altogether a stranger to us as I baptized him in the Pretoria Swimming Baths about three years ago. Brother Salter is just now away at the camp of a friendly trader on the Congo river. In my absence he had all the mission work on his shoulders. He was taking two sessions of school per day, and was busy with translation work besides, so that overwork brought on a bad dose of fever. I believe, however, that by going away for a complete change of air and surroundings, he will soon be fit again.

Many of the local natives have been used as carriers for the German East African campaign, and have returned home with a brutal, swaggering, murderous spirit.

The Administrators collect the poll tax with difficulty, the lives of the white population are often in danger, and scarcely a week goes by without our hearing of half a dozen natives being shot down by some white man in self defence. We of all white people are the safest. We only carry a rifle when we want to shoot meat. We greet the natives in their own familiar way, tie

up their wounds, pray for their sick, ask God's blessing on their villages, and are well known as their friends.

A few days ago I was crossing a river on a rickety old bridge, when I saw armed natives lurking in the grass on the farther bank. They were manifestly evil intentioned, but to disarm suspicion, and show a friendly spirit, I shouted a kind greeting, and asked them how many baboons they had killed, and passed by quite unmolested, though my carriers said that they had remarked, 'We're after the baboons that wear clothes and have no tails.' I later learned that a Government soldier was shot through the neck and thigh with poisoned arrows near the same spot, only about an hour before. A week before, I was cycling along the path, enjoying the trees and flowers, and the cool morning air, when I ran into a group of armed natives lurking in the bush with arrows on their bow strings ready to shoot. One chap was very impudent, but another said 'Bwana, I know you are a missionary. Its a good thing that you are our friend or you would now be food for jackals.'

At present we are overworked and under-staffed. Last week the father of a very powerful chief, who rules over many thousands of people, came to me with a present, to beg me to go and teach them. I have too much work as it is, and cannot possibly go, though it is heart breaking to refuse. Where, beloved, is the man who will say: 'Lord, here am I, send me.' I suppose that within a few months the Catholics will visit those villages, and despite the objections of the natives (who hate them) they will place a youngster there with a Catholic catechism and then having formally claimed the district we will be forbidden to enter. The same thing happened last year, when three men tramped a day's journey to ask me to visit their villages. I could not go but sent a native christian. To-day the Catholics have stepped in. The natives were so eager for the Gospel that they accepted false for true, and we are shut out.

The last dry season, five or six deputations came. Some of

them tramped three and four days' journey, to beg us to go and establish a Mission among them. These three or six (or whatever the number the deputation consists of) often speak for thousands. Those thousands have vaguely heard of white missionaries, with a message of salvation and life. They have sent to ask us (YOU and ME) to give them the message. I am doing what I can. Day and night we are busy. Will not some one who reads this page, some one who is strong in body, and knows how to lead souls to Christ, somebody filled with the Spirit, and with a concern for Africa's perishing thousands, come and 'put a shoulder to the wheel' with us?

An old man tightly holding a charm made of antelope horn, yesterday violently refused to come near our meeting. He cursed me roundly. A few months ago he was an eager listener. His excuse is 'You say that you are pointing to the forgiver of sins, Jesus Christ. The priest followed close on your heels and declared that he alone had the right to forgive sins. Where then is the **real** Saviour? I want none of your words. This is my saviour,'' (flourishing his charm in my face).

That old man is one of hundreds who are being thus befogged. Surely we are not going to forsake Jesus and these Lubans. He asked us to 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Is it not worse than criminal to let these heathen ask for the Gospel in vain, while people are in South Africa, America, or elsewhere, who might be, who ought to be, here?

We have a fine lot of young fellows learning rapidly, and eager to be off and preach. But we feel that, while not restraining them, we must urge that they be filled with the Spirit. We praise God for all He has done since we first set foot in this land, but our great cry is 'God send us a Luban Pentecost.' Will you see this matter through with us in prayer?''

* * *

Bukama, July 15th, 1918.

"I think that you heard of my marriage on May 23rd with Miss Hetty Trollip. Two days later I left the Karoo with my wife for Johannesburg to complete our Congo outfit. Your kind gifts have been a real Godsend. On the day of my marriage I only just had enough to pay for the rings and certificate. Next day a long standing debt due to me of £2 came to hand which enabled me to bring my wife to Johannesburg. Then money came to hand for outfit, and so we've gone on. On the day that I sent off my luggage by train to Elisabethville, I hadn't the cash for my fare. Then two of our party of five arrived in Elisabethville short of funds, and so we had to come on without the provisions needed for the journey. But God has been so tender and faithful.

On the day after our arrival at Bukama our American Sister remarked: 'Oh, how I would love a nice apple.' There were no strangers within hearing, but next morning a Greek, a perfect stranger, and for no apparent reason, sent a lovely case of Cape Colony apples. Next day as we were wondering what to do for breakfast, came a native with a present from a Government official, of paw-paws and pineapple.

On Sunday we had no bread, and didn't know what to do for dinner, when a little Belgian trader came down and invited us all to dinner, giving us eight or ten courses. If any one were to ask us 'Lacked ye anything?' we can honestly answer 'absolutely nothing.' We have fed and lived sumptuously, and El Shaddai is paving all the way before us. Ever since reaching Elisabethville, I've been joyfully greeted with a cheery 'Wakomapo Bwana,' by natives on the street, at the passing railway stations, and along the river side. Numbers are believers.

One big sturdy fellow came smiling to me at Kambove, where I was changing trains, and told me that he had heard me preach the Gospel, and had believed. Here at Bukama, about 20 natives came along on Sunday morning, unasked, and said that they had

heard me preach last year at Bunda (100 miles away) and that they wished to hear more of God's word.

The news has reached this part of the country already that I am married and returning with my wife. Hence at several places we have had somewhat of an ovation. I do thank God for a wife who is one with me in my love for the natives and my desire for their salvation. By the wayside and among the great throngs at Elisabethville, it has been a deep joy to me to have her stand alongside me as I gave out the word.

All the new recruits are already making big strides with the language, and are able to say a number of simple sentences, as well as to understand a little of the underlying grammatical structure; and I believe that if I can give them an hour or two daily they will very soon be most useful.

It becomes increasingly hard to get provisions at a reasonable rate. But we praise God for a fine harvest of ground nuts and millet last rainy season. I've made arrangements for a good billy goat from a herd of good milkers to be sent to me at Mwanza in order to improve the strain of our goat herd there.

Also we have a good selection of garden seeds, so that all that we reasonably **could** do, we are doing. On the other hand it is hard to balance things. We must not spend too much time in attending to these matters, or we shan't have strength and time for preaching. All the time new out-schools are going up, native preachers need support, and fresh developments have to be met. But God is faithful. I needed six new blackboards for the school, and had not time to make them; but when I reached Elisabethville a fortnight ago, our import agent remarked: 'Mr. Burton, there are six black boards for you at the station.' Our Father knew I couldn't make them, and couldn't buy them, and so He sent them. All along the way, similar instances have occurred. Our translations cannot be accepted for publishing unless type written, and so a brother in Johannesburg presented me with a wee type writer.

Naturally in these times our outlook is more or less circumscribed, but I think that in the minds of all of us is the determination to push forward in the Gospel fearlessly, deliberately, sanely, with all the powers at our disposal. You know a little of the difficulties that have beset our baby Congo Mission: of the dissention through our not having a thorough understanding from the start. We have so arranged matters that, I think, in future, we shall all be able to work with a better understanding. I am afraid of over organising. It almost invariably ends in 'too much boss.' But while desiring that each individual should enjoy to the full the Lordship of Christ Jesus, I think that we have so dealt with the difficulty of admitting fresh missionaries and equipping them, that we shall have some degree of order and mutual responsibility.

I know more and more of the way that prayer opens every door, overturns every barrier, and subdues every contrary spirit. The Name of Jesus is unconquerable, and I believe that in heaven, if disappointment could enter, one of our keenest disappointments would be that we had not achieved more in that Name, and resorted more to prayer in that Name."

* * *

Bukama, July 21st, 1918.

[Bukama on the highest navigable waters of the Congo, where we are encamped, while waiting for the river steamer].

"In South Africa, we hear of a brother working a 'needy field,' when perhaps he ministers to 2,000 or 3,000 natives, and other missionaries are only ten to fifteen miles away. We hear of Salvation Army, Methodists, Pentecostal people, and two or three other denominations, all working among 3,000 natives, and yet this is described as a 'needy field.' We hear of people labouring for years among a tribe indifferent to their message, yet this is described as an 'open door.' Hence when I have written telling of open doors and needy fields, earnest well-meaning

people have said : 'Oh, but we must not turn too much attention to the Congo.'

Therefore to clear misgivings let me give a concrete example of this ' needy field ' and the ' open doors.' I will take the spot where I now sit, Bukama. The country around is well populated in parts and the language is so similar to that at Mwanza that the natives understand every word. Yesterday I went to the nearest village. The Chief had once before (over 20 years ago) heard of Christ, but of the crowd of 300 villagers who sat around, not one knew Jesus. They listened eagerly, almost enthusiastically while I preached for some three quarters of an hour, and afterwards the Chief said : ' Twenty years ago I told these people that God would send a preacher. But now you come, you preach once, and you go.' Then pointing to a crowd of children he said : ' Are these to grow up without the light, without a book, and without Jesus? Why don't you stop? ' This is only one of a hundred villages just waiting, yet our own mission station, nine days tramp to the North, is the nearest centre of Gospel Light. Away in these forests are great populations that have never heard of Jesus' Name. One may journey for days southward, past village after village, including the Funda-Biabo district, rich in tin and other minerals, but there is not a single Gospel preacher. Due Westward, again, one may journey for weeks in wild untouched country, including many big stockaded towns such as Kinda. An occasional trader has penetrated with his goods, the recruiter goes to obtain labour for the mines, and the Government Official sometimes collects tax, but the tardy steps of the messenger of Christ's Gospel do not echo in one square foot of all that great dark waiting region.

Big areas as big as Zululand, as big as Swaziland, as big as Basutoland, as big as Pondoland, with waiting thousands upon thousands, are at present without one single missionary. God bless all the noble, faithful missionaries who are laying down their lives for Christ and the Gospel in these lands of South Africa. I

know something of their work, and it is splendid. But this I do say : There is no comparison whatever between the needs of those lands and the needs of the Congo. For the scores of white and scores upon scores of native gospellers in South Africa, the Congo has so painfully few, that there is absolutely no comparison.

Supposing you were to start from here, you could go by steamer for eight days, or 17 days on foot, then 270 miles by rail, and again 40 miles by boat, past great kingdoms, and large villages, without a preacher who knows the language, excepting Brothers Salter, Gatzke and myself, and a handful of poorly instructed native preachers. Again and again we have received requests from large regions and small hamlets, powerful chiefs and petty head men, just pleading for the Gospel message to be carried to them. People have come and worked for us for several months in order to hear sufficient of the Gospel message to carry it back to their own villages. The other day we had just finished preaching in a place, and before leaving three or four big natives came to me begging me to go to their village, two days' journey away. I could not go, but talked with them and found that they were earnest believers, and although unaided by any white missionary, one native who has learned the word from Mr. Crawford—twelve days' journey away—believed, learned to read, and so successfully evangelised his own home district that scores had believed—young and old. I told them that they should put up a meeting house. They said that they had already built one and that they had prayed for nine years for missionaries, but excepting for one day when Mr. Crawford passed through and baptised 50 or 60, they had never had a missionary. How does this compare with South Africa, where you have an average of one missionary to 7,000 natives, and in some places the natives are better evangelised than in our own English towns and villages. Around Mwanza, within a radius of 37 miles, we have, roughly speaking, a quarter of a million souls—about the same number as the natives on the Rand. Yet on the Rand Compounds you have over 50 white and 300 native

christian workers. I once went to preach on a Rand Compound, and as soon as we had finished a Presbyterian native preacher took our place, to be followed by a Methodist. I understand that in the course of a single Sunday, five different Protestant denominations preach there. In the meanwhile our villages can sometimes get the Gospel once a week. Some hear it once a month, some once in six months, and some (oh! that the unfairness and disproportion of it all might grip my readers) only once altogether in a lifetime, and some have never heard it even once. Against all your white and black preachers on the Rand, please balance Bro. Salter, already weakened with fever and needing a rest; Brother Gatzke, still new in language and experience, and myself limited and encumbered with building, furniture making, Government correspondence and general mission business, and four new recruits to train and teach. Friends, is the remark fair, I've so often heard that, 'We must not neglect South Africa for the Congo!' Is it fair?

I do not want to slight another to deflect attention to our work. I know that there are compounds on the Rand that are sadly neglected, but not by comparison with the Congo. When our company of seven missionaries has grown to fifty, and our native preachers have swelled to three hundred, then, and only then, will it be right to talk of devoting attention to Lubaland which should have been devoted to South Africa.

Now, as the above need pressed in upon us, and at the same time a Government request arrived that I should go to Elisabethville to make some agreements with regard to the land on which our mission is established, I determined to continue the journey to South Africa, and present the needs of the Congo at the Easter Conferences of the various Christian Assemblies. I bless God for all the encouragement given me by Pentecostal leaders. On several occasions I was able, before large assemblies to voice the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' There is a splendid missionary spirit stirring in many South African hearts, a desire

to sacrifice all for Christ and perishing souls. Over 40 volunteered for the Congo, but as there were only sufficient funds for three, a choice had to be made. Here let me say that with the most careful selection possible, the obtaining of the very cheapest prices, and a free pass for ourselves and goods over part of the line, it has cost a little over a hundred pounds ($500) each to outfit our missionaries, and land them and their goods in the Congo from South Africa. I am sure that if any blame attaches to me it is that I have advised an outfit too restricted rather than too ample. Many people are surprised at this cost, as they do not realise the size of Africa. It is just a month since I left Johannesburg, and we have not yet reached our destination. There we were shivering with cold in underclothes and a great coat, but here we pour with perspiration in a cotton shirt.

Since our mission is 400 miles from the nearest shopping centre, we have to carry with us clothes, tents, baths, lamps, camp furniture, food supplies, cooking utensils, bedding, etc., etc. Moreover, we have to pay customs on the Congo border, and hotel expenses while awaiting train connections, so that I say it costs a little over a hundred pounds per head from South Africa.

To return to the recruiting. The missionaries who are accompanying me are Brother Bakker, a young compositor from the Pretoria Assembly; Sister Rickow, a fresh arrival from America, and Sister Toerien, an experienced worker of tried and proved calibre, who has done good service for a number of years in Swaziland, Cape Colony, and the Transvaal.

On Sunday evening, June 23rd, we left Johannesburg amid the loving ' God speeds ' of many friends who crowded the station platform, singing hymns. I cannot help contrasting this journey Northward with that which I took three years ago. Then we ventured forth as strangers, without a word of the language, and in an unknown land. To-day, I am privileged to preach the Gospel to the Baluba at practically every halt, and at Elisabethville, Kambove, and Bukama, one native after another has recog-

nised me and runs forward to joyously greet me. It is indeed blessed to find these natives, as much as 600 miles away, who had trusted in the Lord Jesus through the word spoken at Mwanza.

While we rejoice in the fact that we are now seven in the Congo, I feel that we must seriously face a thorough evangelization of these untouched people, and for this it is manifest that we

MISSION TRAINED CARPENTERS AT WORK AT MWANZA.

are bound to have further new recruits with as little delay as possible, as it is nine months after their arrival that our fresh missionaries begin good preaching. Let me tell you all the kind of recruit we want and then you will pray. Naturally, we want those who are physically strong, mentally clear thinking, spiritually consecrated, and doctrinally sound. But at present, a lion's share of building, carpentering and business comes upon me, not because the others are not willing—I bear them record that even beyond their strength they have thrown themselves into the work.

But as missions and out-stations multiply, it is clear that we must have a man who can build and carpenter as well as preach. For weeks together, I have had to neglect important business correspondence as all my strength was given to building, etc. Hence, I want someone who will take a share of this from my shoulders. Then again we want young sturdy fellows who can spend a considerable part of their time off among the out-stations, and opening up fresh villages for the Gospel.

This is a work which to a considerable extent has fallen on Brother Salter's shoulders, and his insight into native character, and unflagging zeal in the Gospel have particularly fitted him for it. But it is heavy work, and saps one's energy. Hence others are needed—men of resource and initiative, who can spot an opportunity when it is presented, and who will not lose a chance or lapse into self-centred complacency. Naturally every one of us will have a good share of itinerating, but chiefly in superintending our evangelists, and in preaching within a radius of two or three days' journey from our missions. To go further would often mean to neglect places nearer at hand. Hence, the necessity of those who are free to move farther afield.

Now so many letters and enquiries have been addressed to us on the subject of missionary support, that I think it will be well to explain the matter thoroughly, for I feel that the work sometimes suffers owing to the fact that the position of our missionaries is not well understood. I am sometimes asked : ' What is the least sum necessary annually for the support of a missionary in Central Africa?' The question as put is in itself an injustice to the missionary. Surely a fairer question would be : ' What is the sum required annually to enable a missionary to do the most efficient, unhampered, whole-hearted work for Christ in the Congo?'

Two can live more cheaply together than two separately. A man can exist in Lubaland on sixty pounds a year, but as he would have to do his own washing, cook his own food, tend his own chickens, dig his own garden and would not be able to pay for the carriers necessary for itinerating evangelization, he would

have no time for preaching at home, or money for preaching afield.* A native boy costs sixpence (12c.) per day and hence for this cost extra—say seven pounds ($35) per year—the native can cook, and the missionary has so much more time for preaching. Another boy to garden, wash, and feed chickens will free the missionary for still further time and strength in the Gospel. Since in this country an ordinary labouring white man is worth a pound ($5) a day, surely it is sound economy to give any missionary worth his salt this few extra shillings which will free him to devote his whole time to the spiritual interests of the people. Thus given good, sound, keen, Spirit-filled missionaries (and as a purely business proposition it does not pay to send any but first rate men and women to this land where itineration and living expenses are so high), and a proper support, we can do business for God. I would rather have two people sufficiently equipped to do God's work without limitation and distraction, than six missionaries who are always tied up for lack of funds and have to spend time and thought and strength in household duties, which should be devoted to the Gospel. The missionary who is whole-hearted for the Gospel will put every spare penny to sending out natives to preach in villages to which he himself cannot go. This is the policy which Brother Salter and I have consistently followed. As God has blessed us with means which were not needed for our own simple and immediate needs, it has gone to establishing our schools and sending forth natives. We need an outpouring of the Spirit. Our natives are fine, but they need the touch of fire. Will you not join us in prayer that this mission may not only be Pentecostal in name but in deepest truth, and that it may be said of our little band—not for our sakes, but for Christ's—'They that have turned the world upside down have come hither.'"

*Under conditions existing in 1921, we reckon an adequate sum for which a person can do good work for God in the Congo is £85 to £100 per year. The latest estimates lead us to select £350 to £400 as an adequate sum for complete outfit and journey from England to the Congo. This estimate includes customs, fees, licences, etc.

[The following communication was written by Mrs. Burton to the "Beloved Saints in the Homeland."]

Bukama, Congo Belge,
July 22nd, 1918.

"I feel I know you all through my husband, and so would like to greet you in the Name of Jesus our risen Lord. We may never have the joy of meeting in the flesh, but as children of our Heavenly Father, with one mutual aim and desire in life—that of winning souls—I feel assured that we have already met in spirit around the Throne of Grace, worshipping, praising and communing with Him we love and adore and delight to serve. I feel you will be interested to know something of our visit to a native village some days ago.

We had made arrangements for a service with the chief of the village on the previous day, and had planned to arrive there about 5 p.m. When we were still half a mile from the village we were met by scores of children and young folks, who gave us a hearty welcome and escorted us to the centre of the village square, where we were met by the chief, who had already, in a loud voice, commanded his subjects to assemble for the service. In less than ten minutes there were about 300 seated round us scanning our faces and waiting eagerly for the Words of Life. Only one, the chief, had ever heard the precious words before. Some twenty years ago he had heard the Gospel message from a certain Mr. Campbell and although he did not feel himself competent to 'pass the word along,' he had often told his people that God would surely some day send someone to tell them of a Saviour who died for them. It was blessed to witness his joy as he realised that the prophesied time had at last arrived. The people listened eagerly, and in true native style—punctuating the discourse every few minutes with questions and expressions of appreciation—as my husband told them in simple language the old, old story of Jesus and his grace. How my heart did go out to them in christian love, as I silently prayed that God would bless the words spoken and make them to sink

deep into their hearts and bear fruit to His glory. It is such a joy to me to be present at these services, though as yet I can only take a small part in them, as I know so little of the language. We four new missionaries are studying hard at Luban, and trust in a few months' time to do our share towards ministering to these poor heathen in darkest Africa. The majority of them manifest a real hunger for the Word of God, and when we realize how few there are labouring among these thousands, we are burdened in our souls, and cry again and again to God to send forth more labourers into this large corner of His vineyard.

And does He answer prayer? Surely, surely, when we pray the prayer of faith and according to His will. I praise Him I am here to-day in the Congo in answer to prayer. For years I had prayed 'Lord, send forth labourers into the harvest,' but a few months ago, He led me to add, 'and if you want me, make me willing to go where You send.' Not long after offering this prayer, He called me and immediately opened the door and made me willing to go where He was leading. My heart is full of rejoicing for I know that I am in His will. Pray much that our little missionary band will be a mighty force for God in the Congo."

* * *

November 15th, 1918.

"Sister Toerien had a bad dose of 'blackwater' fever, and now I'm down with a mild attack of malaria. About the middle of August we received £48 from you through Brother Bowie. How could we carry on this work without your help. My wife and I have just been out for a fortnight's tour of inspection to our out-stations. It was a time of rich blessing. We had a number of fine crowds at the various villages. At Bunda—a day's journey South from here—I baptised 19—including the brother of the chief. We had a holy happy time together round the Lord's table, and a few days of mutual counsel and instruction. The subject of 'foods offered to idols' presents a particularly difficult obstacle to the Gospel in that district.

A native came to me the other day with the following story. 'I have had three wives, and have lived in darkness. When I heard the Gospel, I called my three wives together and said, you cannot all live with me, for I am going to trust in Jesus. I want you all to believe, but whether you are converted or no, two of you have got to go. If only one believes, that's the one to stay with me. Two preferred to worship the dead, but one joined hands with me, and now we two want to be baptised.'

Chapel and Worshippers at Bunda.

So I baptised him and his wife on confession of their faith, and now they are apparently going on well. I have had two faithful workers in my carpenter's shop; natives trained by myself. For some time they have loved the meetings, and delight to shut up the carpenter's shop and have an afternoon out in the villages with me. I was pleased this morning when the two told me that they desired to follow Christ in baptism.

Two months later.—Sisters Toerien and Rickow are now preaching, evening by evening, with native christian women, in all our local villages, and this relieves me somewhat to train our evangelists, which I hope to get down to in earnest with as little delay as possible."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT.

AN account of the work of the first two years and nine months in the Congo — given by Mr. Burton in South Africa in April, 1918.

How much we have to praise God for; His faithfulness and love to us in the Congo, and His confirmation of the Gospel message have been beyond all that we could express. I am once more in Johannesburg after an absence of two years and nine months in Luban country—the very centre of Central Africa—having come South on a recruiting campaign to get more missionaries for the Congo regiment of the King of Kings, and I believe I can gain at a distance and give a clearer retrospective view than on the spot.

What Hath God Wrought?

Work has sometimes seemed to go very slowly, and we have longed to see some mighty impetus, some tremendous outpouring of salvation and blessing. But rather God has seen fit, on the whole to build up line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, so that only after a long look back can we appreciate the distance travelled and grip the true perspective of the work accomplished and blessings received. To-day, however, I can sit quietly and compare the first days after our arrival at Mwanza Kasingu with the last days before I temporarily bade my native friends farewell to journey Southward.

Improved Conditions of Living.

Think of the Mission station as we first found it and surveyed it. A tractless, forest clad hill, covered with dense vegetation, long grass, tangled creepers, gnarled and twisted trees and mosquito infested bush. Now compare this with the trim little mission

house, the fine airy chapel, the splendid sweep of well cleared land, the neat garden, the healthy fruit trees, and the straight wide paths, upon which I took my last look.

Then I think of the contrast between the flimsy camp furniture with which we first entered the Congo and the substantial tables and cupboards, beds and chairs of to-day. Moreover, we have a good stock of well sawn planks cut by natives trained on the mission, seasoning for future work.

During the first nights of our Congo experience we had to get under the netting soon after dark to escape the hordes of mosquitoes bearing deadly malarial poison, and eager to inject it into one's veins, but now, as the result of many months' hard work at clearing away the bush, daming, draining, felling trees, and digging out roots, we see and hear so few mosquitoes that we are able to sit reading and writing on our verandah far into the night without inconvenience and danger. Moreover, I believe that after a few months of further clearing and the careful prevention of any standing water about our kitchen and bedrooms, we shall be completely rid of even the few remaining mosquitoes.

The above features have turned our mission hill, until recently a pestiferous hot-bed of disease, into a healthy, wholesome mission headquarters. Then we used expensive and often unpalatable tinned milk, but to-day our fine herd of goats give us a beautiful jugful of fresh milk each morning as well as an occasional kid for meat. At first we had not even a garden to fall back upon, but to-day in addition to a vegetable garden, and a knowledge of several edible leaves and roots which grow wild, we already have fruit from paw-paws, mulberries and Cape gooseberries, while orange trees, lemons, limes, mangoes and custard apples should also give us fruit within another two years. So much for our physical surroundings.

Language.

I would next mention how God has helped us in studying the Kiluba language. Various neighbouring dialects have

already been reduced to writing, and of course these were a great help to us, chiefly the Luba-Sanga, of Mr. Dan Crawford, a fortnight's journey east of us. We have found that about one word in three of the Luba-Sanga is the same in general form as at Mwanza. Approximately, therefore, the relationship between the languages is similar to that existing between the English and Afrikanse in the Union of South Africa. Thus on the whole we were practically dealing with a new language and had no experience of Bantu formation on which to work. We reached Mwanza knowing nothing of the tongue of the people and having a Nyassa-land boy to interpret who only had a smattering of English and less of Kiluba. Within a month after our arrival this fellow left and we were absolutely cast upon the language of the natives for every intercommunication between ourselves and them. Realizing that the Luban tongue was to be the tool with which, by the Spirit's power, we were to hew living stones for God's temple from Central African quarries, we always carried a notebook and pencil jotting down every expression, until to-day we have about 15,000 words and phrases, and can converse with our local natives with perfect freedom, while Luke and Acts in Kiluba-Badia are just about ready for the press.

Evangelization.

But above all the foregoing results I am sure that the question that will be rising in many minds is—what about souls? What about the Gospel, and the all-important work of winning men to Christ, and turning heathen, steeped in darkness and superstition, into saints of the Most High God?

To gain a right conception of what has happened in this realm please grip the fact that as a rule we have been presenting the Gospel to this people for the first time in their lives. Of the many thousands who are continually hearing the Gospel, I suppose that scarcely one in a thousand had heard it before we came. The Name of Jesus Christ was unknown, and though eternal life was

often spoken of, yet none knew how to obtain it. The people were simply living in the grossest immorality and worshipping the spirits of the dead; spending their spare time in witch-craft, fighting, beer drinking, and similar things. To-day, however, from our two mission stations, and outstations, with our faithful band of native helpers, we are constantly sounding out the glad tidings and are surrounded by a vigorous and growing young church. Our Christian natives love to help us to win others, and will willingly and ably join us in preaching and teaching. Our prayer-meetings are real revival centres, and the people don't come to hear their own voices but to do business with God, and to get answers. We prayed God to settle missionaries at Kabongo, seven days' journey west of us. At that time Mr. Dan Crawford, a fortnight's tramp to the East, was our nearest mission-neighbour but praise God, He has heard and the American Methodist Episcopal Mission has put a young couple at Kabongo. Then we asked God for missionaries for Kabambulu and Nkomeshia to the East, and two young "Open Brethren" missionaries have taken over those spots. After that we prayed for the great native town of Mutombo-Mukulu, with its 35,000 inhabitants, 16 days' journey southwest from us, and I heard from a missionary in Elizabethville that he has missionaries for that place. When the Catholics endeavoured to oust us from Ngoimani, you should have heard the battle of prayer. And in Jesus' name it prevailed. To-day they have resigned all claims on Ngoimani. Our converts were almost all among the young men, and so our natives made the young women a matter of prayer, for questions with regard to the overturning the heathen marriage customs were becoming acute. To-day we rejoice to see that the young women are also on the move and a number are asking for baptism.

I would also record a number of blessed healings in answer to the prayers and laying on of hands of our native Christians. They are beginning to find the power which is in the name of Jesus. They are also crying earnestly to God for the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

So much for our brief retrospect. Now let us take

A Look Ahead.

"This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come" —Matt. 24 : 14. We used carefully to discriminate between the Gospels of (1)—Kingdom, (2)—Grace, and (3)—Glory. But a phrase in Heb. 4 : 16 "Throne of Grace," has caused me to be somewhat dubious as to the accuracy of this division. "Throne" certainly denotes kingdom, yet grace is as clearly linked with it as e.g. Ps. 45 : 1-2, where grace is poured into the King's lips. I believe in one Gospel expressed in one word—Jesus. Gal. 1 : 8, pronounces a curse on the man who would introduce any other Gospel. It is Jesus by whose grace we are saved, to whose sovereign sway we gladly bow, and whose glory we joyously anticipate, and when He is proclaimed as at His own request, "in all the world," then shall the end come. The sand in the hour glass of the "Times of the Gentiles" has nearly run out. Where four or five years ago, Lubaland stretched 600 miles from east to west in vast darkness, and 500 miles from north to south, without a Gospeller, to-day little beacons of Gospel light are ablaze here and there. Now, O God, for Thy rushing mighty —wind of Pentecost, to fan the flame into a roaring, irresistible, all-devouring prairie fire. Let it come, Father, in Jesus' name!*

From as much as five days' journey, chiefs and deputations come, asking us to send them the Gospel, We are over-worked, and undermanned. So I have come to get missionaries in South Africa for Central Africa, while Brothers Salter and Gatzke hold the fort. The missionary spirit in South Africa has made splendid strides. I believe that we shall soon see assemblies of spirit-filled people right up through Rhodesia, while Portugese East Africa and West Africa, are also being occupied. In response to my call for Congo reapers, over forty have stepped out. Some

* We would not overlook the splendid work done by the Garenganze Mission among the Luba-Sanga, or by the American Presbyterians among the Luba-Lulua villages.

are too old, others too young, and inexperienced. Some are physically unfit. But had I the money, I believe at least six might return with me. We do not, however, feel that it is right to send missionaries to the fever stricken parts of Central Africa without a simple and efficient outfit of clothes and supplies. Hence only three are now stepping out for the Congo, though I trust, if Jesus tarry, that we may see others there before the end of the dry season.

We propose to open up a new station immediately on my return north, and are looking to God for a big crowd of Lubans, saved by grace, to meet Jesus in the clouds of glory.

Mrs. Burton writes in the "Missionary Herald" of a visit to the out-stations of the Mwanza Mission: Brother Burton was married on May 23rd at Cape Colony while on a tour to South Africa for recruits. An account will be found in Chapter VII.

"For reasons many and various we were compelled again and again to postpone a much-needed itinerary visit to the Mwanza Mission out-posts. But eventually, early on the morning of October 31st, we set out accompanied by our carriers and six native evangelists; the latter to travel out and preach at wayside places, while we visited the villages along the main route. The early morning tramp through forests—the trees sparkling with raindrops and the fragrant tropical flowers flooding the air with rare perfume—was delightful. Our first halt was at a place called Sanga where we held two meetings and spent the night. We proceeded on our journey before sunrise next morning for Bunda, a distance of twelve miles from Sanga. After travelling a few miles the weather became so threatening that we had to take shelter in a hostile village where just a year ago a soldier, collecting taxes, had been shot. But God inclined their hearts towards us and they very kindly placed a hut at our disposal where we sheltered till the storm had spent its force and we could again resume our journey.

Arriving at Bunda at 2 p.m. we received a royal welcome from men, women and children who ran some distance to meet

us, so delighted were they at our arrival. All seemed to be shouting and chatting, but none were listening, except ourselves. After the many greetings were over and we had satisfied them with answers to their various questions, they gave us an opportunity to partake of the delicious warm lunch so kindly provided by our Bunda evangelist. We did full justice to it, as this was the first food we had tasted that day. During the afternoon we had a good service in our little chapel, having an attendance of over one hundred including nineteen young converts who were very desirous of being baptised. One of these was the Bunda chief's young brother, a fine earnest Christian. After fully discussing doctrinal points with them and being assured in our minds, as far as human judgment could decide, that they were wholly aware of the seriousness of the step about to be taken, we decided to hold the baptismal service on Sunday afternoon, to be followed by the partaking of the Lord's Supper. Next morning, on account of our carriers' and evangelists' woeful complaints that they were 'meat hungry,' Mr. Burton walked a distance of fifteen miles and, much to the satisfaction of all concerned, succeeded in bringing in two fine bucks. The Congo is teeming with many kinds of wild game, but owing to the natives having only crudely made bows and arrows and primitive guns, very little success comes their way. Saturday afternoon and evening were spent in holding services in Bunda and adjoining villages.

At 9 a.m. next morning we congregated at the river and there, in sight of God and about one hundred and fifty spectators, including the chief and witch doctor, nineteen dear souls—fourteen men, four lads and one woman—followed Christ in baptism. It was a touching sight to witness such a scene, and we realized at least in part what it was costing them to take such a step. For instance the chief's young brother came to us the previous evening rather perturbed in mind and informed us that some of the villagers were threatening to bewitch him. We prayed for him and encouraged him to put his trust in God; and, praise His Name, He

dispelled all his fears and gave him faith to be baptized with the others. Then another of the men had three wives, but he gladly parted with two of them so as to follow Christ's teaching in this respect. The wife he kept was the woman who was baptized. Oh, beloved brothers and sisters! when we see precious souls being saved from darkest heathenism with all its hideousness and made to be sons and daughters of God our hearts cannot help leaping up with joy and praise.

Some white folks do not believe there are any genuine cases of conversion among these Central Africans, asserting that their professions are only for mercenary motives. But thank God! it is our privilege to be personally acquainted with many bright Christian natives in this country who have sacrificed all in earthly position and possessions and, with Paul, have counted all things but dross that they may gain Christ. Praise God, He can make the blackest heart white and pure. During the baptismal service, and after, my thoughts dwelt much upon that universally favourite missionary hymn, 'Send the Light,' and my memory went back to the time when a few months ago the Lord led me to pray more earnestly for the door to open for me to **take** the light. And He did, praise Him; not only did the Master send me, but three other missionaries as well to swell the Congo band. But what is our little company among so many millions? Because we see the great need of more workers we feel like calling out across ocean, mountain, and plain, '**Bring** the light' and praying, 'Lord, send many over to Macedonia to help us.'

After the communion service some of the newly baptized lads came forward to inquire of Mr. Burton what course they should now pursue regarding the custom of eating food which had been enchanted and possibly coming under the Scriptural heading of 'meats offered to idols.' Strange to say, he had never been confronted with this problem before. One is constantly coming face to face with some strange new custom or superstition. We realized now, because of the inquiring young converts, the matter

needed to be investigated and dealt with immediately. So about 4 p.m. accompanied by the Bunda evangelist and two other tried and trusted men, we climbed to the top of the beautiful hill at the back of the village, far away from the crowds, and there with the assistance of the three evangelists Mr. Burton thoroughly went into the different laws and customs relating to the partaking of food. I cannot deal with the subject here as many of the customs connected with it are not fit for publication.

The Bunda hill, in height 500 feet, afforded a splendid point of vantage from which to take triangulations and my husband spent a profitable half hour with his prismatic compass taking much needed observations for the filling in of his local map. From the hill top one has a grand view of stretches of the great Congo River and of the Lovoi, one of its numerous tributaries, Lakes Kisale and Niange, and many important hills and mountain ranges. The combination of all is a most imposing sight. Bunda is one of our most strategical points, situated as it is just inland from several big riverside and lakeside villages and at the door of Lake Kisale.

We intended making an early start Monday morning, but owing to Mr. Burton having a sudden attack of fever and dysentery, our plans had to be altered. God graciously answered prayer and next morning he was so much better that we were able to start off before sunrise for the Kisale villages. After travelling five miles through beautiful woodlands along a well-kept path upon which we saw the spoor of many kinds of game, we arrived at the beautiful swift-flowing Lovoi, before mentioned as a tributary of the Congo River. We crossed over in a canoe of typical native construction—the trunk of a large tree hollowed out. I keenly enjoyed the novel experience notwithstanding the fact that a capsize would possibly mean the amputation of some limbs by crocodiles which frequent this river during the dry seasons! After crossing the Lovoi we marched some six miles farther till we came in sight of Mangi, the first of the many lake villages,

where we pitched our camp for the rest of the day and night. Where the road led over the brow of the hill the vast Kisale Lake came in sight and the panorama was so imposing that we sent our carriers ahead while we sat down on a log to enjoy the glorious scene. On the fore-shore, thickly populated fishing villages bordered the Lake and thence as far as the eye could reach from

SISTER BURTON CROSSING THE LOVOI RIVER IN A CANOE.

the Eastern horizon to the West, lay vast stretches of papyrus with occasional open waters gleaming in the morning sun, while to the southeast one could dimly descry the towering fastnesses of the Kibara mountains!

The drunkenness, villainy, and filthiness of Mangi made our hearts sad; but, as we prayed, God gave us faith to believe He was able to 'save to the uttermost all who called upon Him' in this Satan-bound village, as He had in others. While working at Mangi and visiting among the adjoining villages, we were sometimes tempted to feel discouraged at not seeing greater results;

but when travelling about and coming upon these wild unevangelized places, and comparing their inhabitants with our own natives around Mwanza, we again take courage and praise our God for the mighty change He has wrought. During the afternoon no service was held, owing to the fact that the people of this and several other villages were indulging in a great beer-drink. Some hundreds were present, and after being spectators for a while, we came to the conclusion that some 2,000 gallons were being consumed! It was a saddening sight! Towards evening during a short interval an opportunity offered to hold a Gospel service. Considering existing conditions, it was fairly well attended, though rather disturbed. God grant that His truth spoken may sink into hearts and convict of sin many of the listeners who sat or stood around that ring!*

Wednesday—off to Kikondja where we spent part of the day visiting among the few Europeans who comprise the white population of this small but rather important lake town. It is through the medium of the wireless station here that we are linked up with the outside world. We were requested to read an official radiogram to the effect that the whole of the Kikondja district was placed under quarantine so as to prevent anyone from entering the district on account of a most serious and contagious epidemic —Spanish influenza—which was spreading up from the South and had already reached Elisabethville. On account of these restrictions we were not allowed to visit our farthest out-post which lies beyond the protected area, so had to return by another route via Ngoi Mani, our second newly-established Mission Station. En route we called on a Belgian couple who were pleased to have us spend part of a day with them. I was the first white woman this Belgian lady had seen for two years, so you may imagine her delight at having us. I was glad to embrace the opportunity of speaking a word for the Lord Jesus.

*There is now [1921] a company of native believers in this village.

The country between Kikondja and the home of these Belgians is infested with elephants, and I must confess to having cast many an anxious glance through the trees on both sides of the path as I was being carried along in my machilla, especially after we had passed by the pathside a monument under which the mutilated

SISTER BURTON IN HER MACHILLA.

body of a white man, killed and dashed to pieces by an elephant, had been buried just a year before! Two days following this, we travelled through forest country inhabited by elephants and many other wild animals. We constantly came upon their tracks as they crossed and recrossed our path, but God protected and brought us safely through. We touched at several villages so we

and our native evangelists had many opportunities of telling 'the old, old Story.'

On Saturday morning we entered the valley of Ngoi Mani with its picturesque palm groves and winding streams and paths, and another ten miles' travel brought us to the white-washed Mission Home nestling so snugly against the side of the mountain. Brother Gatzke, one of our young co-workers, assisted by a native evangelist, is faithfully labouring here for the Master. There is a large scope for work, and these two are kept busy visiting among twenty villages situated within a radius of twenty miles of the Mission Station. This district has been very wild. Five months before the Mwanza Station was opened, the Administrator who first attempted to collect the tax was attacked by an overwhelming force of natives. Forty men had to be shot down by him and the soldiers with him, before they could make their escape. The natives are now more quiet and the whole district lies open to the Gospel. The station was opened two years ago, and soon after the Roman Catholics endeavoured to dispute our rights to it. They set up an opposition chapel, and it is only by the marvellous intervention of God that they have now withdrawn. The buildings already established are a large temporary mud chapel and a cosy little cottage — which is a great credit to Brother Salter, the builder. Since the first days of uphill work there has been slow but real progress, so that to-day considerable crowds are listening to the Gospel from end to end of this beautiful valley. While at Ngoi Mani, I was laid up with fever for two days and was still somewhat shaky when my hammock boys picked me up for the last stage of our journey back to Mwanza.

Five miles from Brother Gatzke's, we climbed the range of hills which bounds Ngoi Mani valley on the South. From here we were able to trace practically the whole course of our 95 miles journey and Mr. Burton was again able to take observations for his survey. On nearing home our way lay through the village of Shimbi where the Gospel is regularly preached, and being tired

we had intended just to skirt the village. The natives, however, would not allow us to pass by, but crowded round in large numbers. We therefore gathered them together in the roughly erected chapel and held a good service. Though weary with the long journey and hot sun, we were amply rewarded for our halt by the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to 80 or 100 natives, young and old. An hour later we were back in our dear little mission home at Mwanza, after an absence of about a fortnight.

Let me emphasize a few important facts in connection with the life and work in Lubaland. The need is great; the darkness dense; and the pleading call of many most impressively pathetic! Is it worth while sacrificing home, friends, comforts, all, in response to the call? Yes! A thousand times, Yes! Happy is the man or woman who hears this call and **responds.** But all are not called to this service; many who are unable to go to the mission field can through prayer touch hearts for God in China, in India, in Africa, and other heathen lands where missionaries are giving their lives in proclaiming the truth, so that souls for whom Christ died may learn to know and receive Him as their Saviour and Redeemer. Beloved! the Master's command sings out, 'Go ye into all the world.' Shall we be guilty of hearing and not responding? Our blessed Lord sacrificed all, even to His life, for us. Shall we not, by His grace, be willing to give up all He asks of us for the sake of the millions of sin-bound but precious souls for whom **He gave up His life**? Beloved! pray, and if He **sends, come!**"

* * *

Miss Tocrien in a communication to "The Missionary Herald" for July, 1919, describes the surroundings of the Mwanza Mission.

"My precious Jesus and my Lord,
Thou purest source of joy to me;
Earth has no joys which can afford
This bliss which I have found in Thee.

Dearer than life, O Christ, Thy love,
Sweeter than all beside to me;
Nothing have I in heaven above,
Nothing on earth compared with Thee."

"I praise my Heavenly Father for His wonderful love and goodness to us all, especially in the last two weeks. Sometimes when I am busy, or when I walk out after sunset to pray, such a sense of God's overwhelming love seems to take possession of me that I cannot help but get down and weep for joy. Oh! the Son of God is real to me, and He is so very near to us all, praise His wonderful Name. There is sweet rest in these everlasting arms of love. As you have all heard about our trip from Johannesburg to Mwanza, I will try to describe Mwanza Mission Station.

The Mission Home.

The house in which Mr. and Mrs. Burton live is built of brick with a grass roof. It consists of five rooms, three large and two small ones, with a fine large verandah. The building nestles among some grand old trees; the grounds are well cleared of brush and weeds in order to keep off mosquitoes, and there are many great, grey granite rocks about the place. A few yards back of the dwelling house is the kitchen which must be a distance from it in case of fire.

As it happened, one afternoon while we sat on the verandah having our tea, we heard the boys shouting and the drums beating. We rushed up to Mr. and Mrs. Burton's house. When we got as far as the new chapel, we saw flames leaping up in the air, but were relieved to find that it was only the roof of the kitchen which was afire, and not the dwelling house. The natives did everything they could to clear everything out of the burning kitchen, so that not much damage was done. After the rush and excitement were over, Mr. Burton offered up thanks to God, right there in the open where we were gathered together, that nothing worse had happened.

Still farther back, we find the native quarters, which are kept in good condition. There are some fruit trees which will soon be bearing, and a garden space all enclosed. In front of the house there are flower beds being made, and grass is being planted to beautify the grounds. Around all is a fence to prevent natives

HOME, SWEET HOME AT MWANZA MISSION (front).

from coming and going all the time. Outside this fence to the left is the carpenter's shop, where boys are constantly employed.

THE CHAPEL.

Leading directly down from the main house is a well made path to the other buildings. The first of these is the new chapel

which, when filled, holds 400 people. There is a platform, and below, on both sides, there are pieces of plank cut from trees and placed in rows to serve as seats for the natives, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. A meeting is held in the chapel every Sunday morning at 8-30 which may last for two hours. During the first part of this service, the native christians

HOME, SWEET HOME AT MWANZA MISSION (back).

gather round the Lord's Table to partake of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood. In the last part of the meeting, the sinners are faithfully dealt with, and it has been my privilege since I have been here, to see some stepping out of darkness into light. Praise the wonderful Name of Jesus! It means much for the natives to leave their heathen customs and superstitions.

One Sunday morning during the service, a young native testified to the fact that he had been saved through the precious

blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son. After the meeting, we gathered around a fire, to which the heathen charms were committed. I can only remember two of them—one was against sickness and the other to make him successful in hunting. Let us pray that he may learn the healing power of Jesus' Blood, and that he may be successful in hunting precious souls for the Kingdom of God. We have had two baptismal services since I came, and it was a joy to see precious souls buried with Him in death and rise to newness of life. There was also a burial service in the little graveyard at the back of the Chapel, when a little black baby of Christian parents answered the call of the Good Shepherd, Who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Temporary Houses.

The old school building is still standing, and has been made into a two-roomed house since we arrived; Mr. Gatzke and Mr. Bakker staying in it for a time until they went to Ngoi Mani. Miss Rickhow and myself were living in another two-roomed house further down the hill. One day just as Mr. and Mrs. Burton had returned from a trip to different points in the work, we were about to sit down to tea when a terrific wind-storm came up. We were trying to prevent things from blowing about too much in the house, when Mr. Burton shouted to us from the door to get out as quickly as we could, as the roof was falling. The front of the house collapsed entirely and we thought the whole house was going to tumble down, so we got our things out as fast as possible, handing them to the native boys through windows and doors. In a short time we had everything moved up to the old school; it being unoccupied at the time. There have been some repairs on this, and we have found it a comfortable little 'Home, sweet home' ever since.

Village Work.

Native evangelists are always in the villages telling the Story of the Cross. Certain days in the week they are kept on the

station, and every morning they gather for a little Bible study given by Brother Burton, and are then sent out on tours for the rest of the week. One of these boys has charge of the school which is held four days a week; the men and boys coming in the morning and the women and girls in the afternoon. On week days when there is moonlight we often hold meetings in the villages, and on Sunday afternoons, when it does not rain. There are many villages close by, nestling among the great wild forests.

Early morning Bible study at Mwanza.

Here we find vast and wonderful opportunities to proclaim the Gospel of Christ our Lord.

Last September Miss Rickhow and I went for our first trip to some of the more distant villages. Some of the native Christian men and women accompanied us and preached. We left Mwanza on Saturday afternoon and walked until we reached a village called Shimbi. The old chief came out to greet us. A shelter had been built there, with a grass roof fixed on poles, where we were to stay for the night. After our campbeds and folding table had been arranged, we sat down to tea. After that, the natives gathered round a big bon-fire and we had a service there under the starry heavens. We prayed and sang, and the native helpers gave

out God's Word. We trust that in the days to come we may see results which will stand for eternity. After the service we silently committed ourselves to our heavenly Father's care and keeping, and went to rest, to awake in the morning refreshed and with thankful hearts for the many blessings that God had bestowed upon His children. We had breakfast, and then our boys started off with their loads. We followed with the Christians to the next village, Mwana Mununu, where under a large spreading tree we held a service. Here the natives seemed eager to hear the Story of the Cross, and there was an attendance of fifty—a good number for a small village.

From here we went on to Chigala. We had a black body-guard—a number of native children—coming out to meet us. Oh, the shouting and the noise they made in welcoming us! As we arrived at this place we were welcomed by the old chief who came, unannounced and without ceremony, right into the house where we were staying. Late in the afternoon of that day we went over to another village some distance away, where we were called 'Fathers.' The Roman Catholics had been there, and as they also wear loose clothes, the natives no doubt thought we were the same, as they are unaccustomed to white women, very few having ever been there. There was a good attendance and they listened to all that was said. I noticed one very old woman, with one foot in the grave, so to speak, and I thought how sad to be in utter darkness without Christ and without hope. Pray for this poor soul, that she may accept Christ before it is too late. Returned to Chigala; we had our tea, then went down a little distance in the village where they were making a fire for the meeting. While the service was in progress, the old chief came. He sat down in an old steamer chair, trying to undo the little greasy strings of hair at the back of his head. Suddenly a native girl jumped up, crying 'Snake, snake.' This caused quite a disturbance, and for a time the attention was divided, until every-one was convinced that the snake had gone. At the close of the service we went back to the little schoolhouse for the night. The

tsetse fly, which causes sleeping sickness, is found in this locality; but we were in our Father's keeping, so nothing harmed us.

Monday morning we were off very early for Twite. This is a place which hunters like to frequent, for there is wild game in the neighbourhood—elephants, lions, leopards, buffalo, etc.—but during our short stay we did not come across any of them. Pass-

NATIVES WHO HAVE GATHERED FOR A BEER-DRINK. WE OFTEN VISIT THE BEER-DRINKS AND DANCES TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

ing through the forest on our way there we saw old tracks of buffalo, but that was all. In the evening we had our usual service round the camp-fire. Two poisonous red spiders caused a little disturbance with their wild running about, but the attention otherwise was good.

On our way back to Mwanza, the Christians had the opportunity of delivering messages at villages along the way—Sanga, Kalwenia, and Kisungu. While we were having our service at Kalwenia, we heard wailing in the distance and soon some women

passed us, holding their left hands on their heads and crying because a person had died. They always make a great show of their grief. Very often after we have retired for the night we can hear them down in the villages wailing because of some departed one. At first it was hard to get accustomed to. At the last village, Kisungu, we had a good attendance in spite of a beer-drink that was on.

Do not think for one moment that we are looking for great numbers to attend our gatherings, and that we are satisfied with only that. No, God forbid. We earnestly pray and trust that you will hold those who sit in utter darkness here in Congoland before the Throne of God, and that there may be those who, although their faces are black, may have their hearts washed whiter than the driven snow. May God keep us all faithful to the very end, so that His Kingdom may be extended and that wonderful Name, the name, 'Jesus,' be glorified."

CHAPTER IX.

CORDS LENGTHENED AND STAKES STRENGTHENED.

IN April, 1919, the work of the Congo Evangelistic Mission had extended over a very large tract of country. With a staff of thirteen evangelists on an average, an endeavour was made to preach the Gospel in every village at least once a month, and frequently the Gospel message was preached weekly in many villages. A considerable portion of Brother Burton's time at this period was occupied in training young fellows who eventually took charge of out-schools established in important centres.

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[Letters dated April 13th, August 10th, and November 26th, 1919, are Reports; and the letter dated May 28th, 1919, also contained in this chapter is addressed to Mr. Thomas Myerscough.]

Mwanza, 13th April, 1919.

"Week by week the correspondence pile has increased, until now it numbers some 150 letters. Requests for news of our work, loving prayerful messages of interest and sympathy, leaders of meetings asking for a word to stimulate missionary zeal, applications from would-be-missionaries, gifts for the maintenance of our work, letters of enquiry on spiritual difficulties or Scriptural themes, enquiries from Government officials about the language and disposition of the natives, tax papers, correspondence about our proposed new translation of the Scriptures, and so on—the pile increasing week by week. I have manfully done my best to deal fairly with each letter. Night after night, I have sat late into the night surrounded by buzzing mosquitoes, writing away till my brain and eyes could work no more. Day after day amid the scores of interruptions which continually dog the steps of one who has the direction of a work like this, I have snatched a few

moments here and there to try and overtake my letters. Frequently just as I have settled down to a few quiet days of writing, a fellow missionary or evangelist has needed my attention or assistance, and my wife and I have had to leave letters, etc. to go off for a week or two into the forest, with the tent, to visit distant villages. Then the Spanish influenza swept down upon us. Considerable portions of each day have been occupied in visiting the sick, while the buildings, usually occupied by our boys on the Mission hill, have been turned into a sort of little hospital where we receive, care for, and feed up our native believers and preachers. Two days ago came the message from a distant underchief, saying, 'Bwana, it is now three weeks since you sent us the word of life, and you yourself have not been for months. Our eyes are continually on the path. When are you coming?'

Now, what am I to do? Shall I write an answer to your letter, an acknowledgment, perhaps, to your gift—leaving old Kabango to look in vain along the path for my coming; or shall I put off your letter, and take Kabango and his people the word of life for which they wait? One of our evangelists has just come in from a five days' journey southward with a list of 15 names. Fifteen precious souls won by and for the Lord Jesus. They are waiting for me to baptise them and to help their native leader to put the assembly into scriptural order. They also wait for the gift of the Holy Spirit. I can not neglect such a precious charge. Hence, I must leave the Sisters in charge of affairs at Mwanza, and start off, leaving my letters to accumulate for another fortnight.

My wife and I are still very weak, and just recovering from Spanish influenza. This week I am holding a conference with the native Christians, and several of our evangelists from a distance have come in to discuss difficulties, and for encouragement and building up. Last Saturday two believers (who received Christ months ago in a village a long day's tramp from here) sent a pathetic request asking when would I come and baptise them.

I praise God that now all the three Sisters are able to preach a little in Kiluba, and of course the present press of work cannot continue.

When some months back, we were grieved and praying much, because we were not seeing souls yielding to Christ, God gave us a blessed trophy. Our evangelist, Shalumbo, went to the village

Evangelist Shalumbo.

of Lubembei, 16 miles from here, and found there a man, Sani by name, taken by an evil spirit. This man, in paroxysms of frenzy, had clawed and dug with his finger nails a deep pit and cave right beside our little chapel. In this he would sit, trembling under the power of the demon that possessed him, while people came from long distances to consult him and and seek his aid in the dispelling of disease. Our evangelist, seeing that the cave was likely to

endanger our chapel walls, took a hoe and with the help of a fellow Christian, filled in the hole. The people stood awe struck, and the chief begged him to desist, declaring that by so exciting the demon, the village would incur his wrath in all sorts of misfortune and calamity.

Presently poor Sani himself appeared, and looked the picture of misery. His hair matted, his nails like bird's talons, and his body caked in mud and filth. Shalumbo told him of God's love and the delivering power of the Name of Jesus. Then, upon Sani's request, he commanded the demons to depart into the beasts of the forest. Sani went off and washed at the river, and then returned to accept Christ. Later when our chapel was demolished by a tornado, he was one of the first to offer to repair it, and since then he has visited us with six others from the same village seeking salvation.

Another token of God's blessing may have far-reaching results. One of the freed slaves, who came to us from Angola three years ago, desired to visit his home twelvs days' journey to the North of us. We gave him provision for his journey, and he disappeared for nine months. Then one day he re-appeared with a train of 34 of his fellow villagers. His Gospel message had received a great hearing among the big villages to the North where Christ's name has never before been heard. Of those who returned with him five have definitely accepted Christ, and the others were enquirers. Some of them were village head men and natives of considerable importance in their own sphere of influence. They have settled down to spend the rainy season with us, and to hear more of the Gospel; building a temporary village near the Mission and supporting themselves by iron-work and grass cloth weaving, at which they are very skilful. They have begged us to return with them, or to send some one to carry the Gospel to their people. Oh, my God, send a messenger to reap those great unharvested fields.*

*It is in these villages that Brother and Sister Johnstone have begun work, commencing in July, 1921.

Another step forward has been taken in the selection of a third mission site, at Kisanga. It is a big village two days' journey from Mwanza, and two days from our Ngoimani station. Brother Gatzke hopes to take charge of this work, and from this centre by aid of native evangelists, he should be able to reach

BEKALEBWE WHO HAVE COME FIFTEEN DAYS' JOURNEY TO HEAR MORE OF THE GOSPEL, AND TO ASK FOR A MISSIONARY.

five or six centres of native village life. We have rarely received a warmer reception or a more hearty response to our Gospel message than we received from the big crowds who sat eagerly around us at Kisanga, and there is no doubt that God has opened to us a great and effectual door in that place.

At Mwanza we are already making busy preparations for the dry season's building programme, which will (D.V.) include a new brick house for the Sisters, and other small buildings. Saw-pits are turning out planks in the forest, for doors and windows, and natives have now been at work for some weeks making bricks and piling fire wood for burning the brick kilns. In about six weeks' time when the last rain has fallen, the mission hill will be a hive of activity. Here, again, a blessed door is open to us for the presentation of the Gospel. We have commenced a short, bright early morning Gospel meeting with our work boys, and if you could pop into the chapel at 6-15 each morning you would see a quiet and attentive company listening respectfully to the Gospel. We trust that many who come from distant villages seeking work may return home with God's message of eternal life in Christ Jesus, and I trust you will pray—

(1). For us that we may have wisdom in winning and teaching those people for Jesus;

(2). That others may be thrust forth of God to assist in the work;

(3). That our white mission staff may speedily become more efficient in the language;

(4). That the New Testament now in the course of preparation may speedily be placed in our natives' hands;

(5). That God's Holy Spirit may speedily and mightily be outpoured upon this land."

* * *

Mwanza, May 28th, 1919.

"Less than four years ago we were stranded here, almost penniless, and with meagre outfit, to face an unknown land, but in JESUS' NAME. To-day, we praise God for the happy bands of believers, for the freedom in the language, for the earnest attention at the Gospel meeting which I hold each 6-15 a.m., for the band of

faithful prayers and supporters in the homeland, and for a loyal whole-hearted wife.

If the Philistines fill this well, praise God we have still that precious NAME, and the Congo is large. He will lead us to 'Rehoboth.' They cannot undo what God has done.

We are not chaff to be driven away by every wind that blows. I learnt a beautiful lesson from a massive and graceful tree which was blown over by a recent gale in front of our little Congo home. To-day the roots stick ten or twelve feet into the air. The roots were massive and many. The limbs were sturdy and straight, and to all appearances the tree was absolutely solid. But the GROUND was shallow. Then I thought of Paul's prayer that (Eph. 3, 17-19) the Ephesians, being 'rooted and grounded' in love, may comprehend the breadth and length and depth and height of that love. The roots of my life may be feeble, but oh what a depth of soil, oh what an expanse of virgin-land. I am grounded in God's eternal limitless love. It's finest heavenly loam. It supplies nourishment and vigour. No shifting sand this. Some feeble 'heath in the desert' (Jer. 17, 5-6) may blow to and fro; anchored to sand—but God promises His children that they shall be as a watered garden, and as Mount Zion that cannot be moved. It's not a theory, or a college education that we are planted in. It's God!"

* * *

Mwanza, 10th August, 1919.

"In this happy busy Congo life of ours the details are not sketched in sombre greys and browns, but in the most vivid contrasts of light and shade, depths of sorrows and perplexity being beautifully blended by the Master's hand with joyous triumphs and blessed heavenly grace, and meanwhile the continually changing conditions are used of God for the fresh manifestations of His love and saving power.

Just now there is a great shortage of native labour for the vast copper fields of the Southern Congo, and white labour recruiters, some of whom are none too scrupulous in their methods, are drawing our natives from their villages and homes to the great centres of mining where many of the poor simple natives fall an easy prey to the vice and sin that are so rife around such places.

And yet among these, who being unable to obtain their tax money locally have left for copper fields, there are some fine examples of God's mighty keeping power, as letters, etc. testify.

A few weeks ago I was sitting in the tent in a village a long day's journey from home when a great shout of welcome went up. Some men had returned after completing a year's contract on the mines. As the local Lubans keep in touch with each other down on the mines, I began to enquire after many absent friends. How's Shindana and Moleso, Beleji and Mukumadi? At last I asked about the sturdy little dwarf, Matokembadi, who had left home about two and a half years ago after receiving life eternal in Christ Jesus. Messengers had, from time to time, brought news of his true testimony for God among those sinful places where our boasted 'civilization' has begun to make itself felt. The returned natives told the following story: 'The Spanish influenza seized us on the mines, and many died. Some invoked the aid of the departed spirits. Others put on charms. Matokembadi was very bad, and we often asked him to let us awake the spirits of his dead relations, but he always refused saying, 'Don't I tell you that I belong to God. If He wants me why should I refuse to go.' And so he died maintaining his testimony, rejoicing to meet his Lord and refusing heathen tradition absolutely. Thus, while grieving to part with our black friends, we rejoice to know that some are carrying the Gospel message far beyond the limits of our little ministry, and sealing it with faithfulness even unto death.

Nearer at hand also deep gloom was cast upon us by the fact that the chief of a large village was bribed by Romish priests with

presents of whisky to allow Roman Catholic Catechists in his village where a blessed work has been going on for God for over two years. But now for the bright sunshine of God's overruling power. The village counsellors are attending our little chapel, and upholding our native evangelists as never before, and only the week before last I had a note saying that a man with three wives had stood up in the meeting, and, publicly renouncing two of them, had received the Lord Jesus Christ.

MUSHYALA WITH HIS WIFE AND BABY.

Another example of how our Lord has turned our mourning into songs. Mushyala—his name means the 'waiting one'—is to all appearances a very weak and irresponsible black. But he heard of God's grace, and received Salvation soon after his wedding. His father-in-law was furious and said: 'If you don't give up this doctrine, I will give my daughter to your rival.' Mushyala came in great distress to our believers saying 'I would rather give up my wife than give up my JESUS.'. We prayed over the matter. The irate father-in-law called Mushyala and the other suitor for his daughter's hand. He then said, 'Since Mushyala refuses to be done with these words, you (the other man)

may take my daughter.' Poor Mushyala prayed still, though he saw his wife apparently being given to another. But at the crucial moment, the girl said, 'But have I no choice in the matter? I don't want the other fellow. Come on, Mushyala, let us go!' And go they did, despite the raging father-in-law. Sequel: The last time that our evangelists visited the village Mushyala's elder brother also professed faith in Christ.

Some four or five weeks ago, I was feeling very depressed, as we had not seen conversions in our Sunday morning Gospel meetings for some weeks, and numbers were going down. I mentioned it in a letter to the two young 'Brethren' missionaries who are now working just a day's journey from us, and I am sure they joined with us in prayer. On the next Sunday three or four came from a village away to the East, and after accepting God's free gift, they returned with our native Christians to an idol burning. Next Sunday seven came with our evangelist from a village to the South, to tell how they have found Christ. Last Sunday two men and two women came in from a village a day's journey westward 'seeking for Jesus.'

And this morning a middle-aged man, who had listened to the Gospel for the last four years, living at the foot of the Mission hill, listeneded earnestly to a talk on 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and later when the invitation was given he solemnly and definitely invited Jesus into his heart. So, praise God, He continues to give us the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and the oil of joy for mourning. And now as if to crown joy with added joy, three lads arrived as I sat writing, with a very dirty hymn book in the hand of one. They have come from Ngoimani. I called one to me and enquired if he could read. They all read well. Where had they learnt? At the Catholic priest's School. But now they have learnt the folly of that false religion, have found Christ through the testimony of a native Christian at Ngoimani, and have come to confess Him.

Hallelujah!

When the clouds begin to gather, and the sun, which for months past has poured down heat with uninterrupted and relentless fury, is veiled by occasional fleecy films, the Natives smile to each other in happy anticipation, and remark, "Mukutukutwi"—the harbinger of approaching rains. The morning and evening sun is like a ball of fire in a bank of black smoky mist, and if the rain is up to time we should have the first showers in about three weeks time. Hence the native smithy is a hive of activity as the villagers bring their primitive axes and hoes to be repaired in preparation for the seed sowing.

We, too, have been preparing to sow God's good seed. Last week I called together our native Christians and prayerfully read over to them a list of the local districts, out-chapels, and chieftainships, asking the old Isaiah question: "Who shall I send, and who will go for us?" One by one they filled in the list, and by careful arrangement, putting a weak Christian with a strong one, one who cannot read by another who can, a hasty one with another of more cautious temperament, we have managed to plan not only for the occupation of all our present territory, but also for the evangelisation of two big new districts. Thus this rainy season should see a seed sowing of the word of life, and watered by your prayers we look forward to an abundant harvest."

* * *

Mwanza, 31st October, 1919.

"I feel the call of those great over-ripe harvest fields **intensely.** I would gladly lay down my life to-day to see them well occupied for Jesus. But from morning till night, I have written telling of open doors, and yet I have made-known so little. We do not want a little station here and there amid the darkness. We want to see main stations so placed that, with the assistance of native evangelists, every village and hamlet shall regularly hear the Gospel. I believe that nine main stations (or even less, if God

gives us really reliable Native workers) can thoroughly tackle the whole section. Within the last twelve years nearly the whole Nyasaland and N.E. Rhodesia has been thoroughly occupied for Christ. Now here is the great Central Katanga. 'We can do it if we will.'

"By the grace of God that sought us,
By the Spirit here to dwell;
By the precious Blood that bought us;
We can do it if we will."

Spirit-filled assemblies of baptised believers in every village honouring and showing forth the Lord's death and winning their brethren for Jesus—With Bibles as common in the land as the fetishes are now—That is my prayer and expectation.

Both your gifts have come safely to hand. The one came just as we were starting off on our journey, and the other just as we returned. The interest and work which you put into collecting and sending these sums of money is much appreciated; and the Native Christians, as well as we whites, know vaguely that away there in Bulaya, the land of the white man, there are warm loving hearts, intent on bringing the Gospel message to darkest Africa. Also we feel that a letter from 'the Scribe' is sure to contain a breezy, sunshiny contagion and life, so that we look forward to your letters with joy.

Hettie often talks of the possibility of our one day popping in at 134*. Personally I don't like the idea of leaving the Congo, even for a furlough, but I must confess that it will be one of the happiest days of such a furlough when I can introduce my wee S. African wifie to the friends at Preston."

*The home of Mr. Myerscough, the Hon. Treasurer of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, is at 134 St Thomas' Road, Preston, England —familiarly known to those who have enjoyed its hospitality as 134.

* * *

Elisabethville, Nov. 26th, 1919.

" I have received most encouraging news from Brother Salter, in England, to the effect that more missionaries are on their way to join us, and that we may expect Brother Salter himself towards the middle of next year. This is in answer to many, many prayers. How can we praise God sufficiently. When one thinks what this will mean in many precious souls hearing the Gospel of their salvation, who to-day are sitting in darkness, how the heart wells up in gratitude to the ' Lord of the Harvest ' for thus answering our cry for labourers.

Naturally, the prospect of others coming set us considering which is the best direction for a forward movement. Of course Christless villages abound all around, and one could start in anywhere. But in the Scriptures we find that Paul, for example, by selecting a central spot at Ephesus, so preached and taught that (Acts 19 : 10) all Asia heard the Word. Being a place to which many people gathered for the worship of the false goddess Diana, the crowds coming and going carried the news.

Our Lubans catch fish by throwing poison into the stream. As it drifts down the poison sickens the fish and they rise to the surface and are caught. The natives do not put the poison at the mouth of the stream, for it would not go up against the current. They select spots where the stream carries the poison to the fish. In the same way we like to select spots where the Gospel will radiate. For example, if a chief rules over a large district, the outlying districts send their tribute to him or come to pay homage. Where there is a Government post, the natives come and go to pay taxes. From amongst these a wide selection may be made by selecting a site with a big population close at hand on which to work; for then the Gospel would radiate and work into all the little out-of-the-way corners of the land. Thus my wife and I set out for a month's journey to map the country, find where the heaviest populations are, and of course to preach.

As a matter of fact, we were altogether 43 days in the bush. We travelled about 550 miles, and mapped about 770 villages, considerably over 600 of which have never heard the Gospel of the Lord Jesus before. How I wish that I could tell you of the scenes, so vividly impressed upon my mind that death alone will erase them. In many villages they just flocked around us, hemming us in with a solid wall of faces staring, wondering, listening What wonderful meetings we had! The very first time in all their lives when they had heard the name of Jesus. They passed that name from mouth to mouth, as we told them of the power of it, the love that was at the back of it. How, that this Name means 'Saviour' With all its setting of agony, bloodshed, ignominy, and death, but that the name now has a resurrection side to it. God hath made that same Jesus—whom ye crucified—both Lord and Christ. That there's healing, liberty, fellowship, and assurance of answered prayer, all in the Name.

How often young and old, in villages many days apart, would say 'Bwana, please repeat it. We have only heard it today, and don't wish to forget it: Jesus, Jesus.' One old chief came out of his hut as we were making a start in the small hours of the morning, by starlight, saying: 'Please say it again before you go.' And we left him in the darkness murmuring to himself: 'Jesus.' There were times when we preached and then endeavoured to dismiss the crowd, but they would not go. Often I was very tired and did not feel like preaching again, but as they hung around to hear more, and asked question after question I could not but gladly respond to the appeal.

One of the most fearful features of heathenism is its heartless cruelty, knowing no bounds, and not even hesitating at torture and lingering death. Thus only a few years in the past a regular trade was carried on in little boys. They were taken Northward and sold for salt or grass cloth. Their purchasers tightly bound every joint and every limb to make them swell, as the flesh was then considered better for eating. Then after two days, if they

were not already dead, scalding water was poured over them preparatory to eating them.

In other villages a milder form of cannibalism is secretly practised to this day. If a man is suspected of being possessed by an evil spirit, they say that if he is only killed, that the spirit will enter another person, and still continue his bad magic in the village. So to annihilate man and spirit, they all share in eating him. But apart from cannibalism there are poison trials, secret societies, and cruel customs sufficient to fill books. A little Christian boy, from our neighbouring white Missionary, Mr. Wilding, recently refused to attend the dance of the secret society 'Bambudje.' So the members of the sect put him upon a platform of matting in a hut, over a slow fire, and smoked him to death. The whole family then disappeared. The natives said that disease had carried them off, but of course it was the poison of the Bambudje, and no natural disease. In one village where we would desire to place a white missionary, the old chief recently died, and shortly afterwards, foul play being suspected, they exhumed his body, and found three of his wives who had been buried alive with him. The other day passing along the forest path, we came to a smoky village. Fourteen huts were burned to the ground. There was blood on the ground. A man had been taken by an evil spirit, and had killed four men outright, two more he had slashed fearfully with a knife. Then he hacked down a lot of the village palms and bananas, and set fire to the huts, burning up the greater part of the food on which the natives relied to keep them till next harvest. As we went to bind up the poor sufferers, the murderer stood at a distance looking on, leaning upon his loaded gun. But no one dare interfere with him or restrain him, for they reverenced the evil spirit which possessed him.

A little girl, a sweet, little, plump, woolly-haired, black girlie sat rocking herself to and fro outside a hut the other day, crying, 'Father's given me away, he has given me away,' while the tears dropped from her grief-stricken face, and made lines down her little bare black tummy.

It was quite true. Two old women, renowned witch doctors, had commenced their incantations outside the father's hut, and he, fearfully afraid, had offered to appease them with whatever they would—the little girl.

During our journey, my wife noticed in one great village, two women sitting in chains. We made enquiries and found that they were two of the chief's sixty wives. Tired of the dull monotony, the slavish ignominy, and the filthy immorality of their

CHIEF MWANA TSHOFWE WITH HIS COUNSELLORS AND WIVES.

lives and surroundings, they had run away. But they were caught five days' journey away, and brought back in chains to learn submission.

Why do I tell you all this? If I wished to harrow your souls, I could multiply such cases. But on the other hand I fear I have often been too prone to paint the bright side of the picture. No! my purpose is not to pain you. Listen! The chief of sixty wives came to my wife and me, saying, 'I know that we are bad. We're in the forest, and don't know the way out. Come and live with us. We will give you the best of the land. Ask what you will—goats, chickens, sheep. My villagers will build for you. You

will not have to walk, for we will carry you in a hammock. Only come and tell us about God and this, what do you call Him, Jesus.'

In that same village, chief, headmen, wives, and 600 villagers stood and sat listening to the word of life. Then before light dawned people were around our tent with the sick to be prayed for. Some burnt their charms and believed in Jesus. Were it not that the eyes of the Catholics are upon us—eager to anticipate and thwart our every move—I could tell you of district after district where chiefs and people send out the same Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' We cannot, even with the missionaries coming, tackle more than one third of all the great area visited by my wife and myself. And even if we could gospel all of it, this is but a wee bit out of this Christless land. We all should have some aim in life. Here in Elisabethville, one of Africa's most beautiful and opulent towns, a continual round of suicides tells of the heartlessness of mere money-making.

Livingstone, the great path-finder of Central Africa, cried, 'I will open a path into the interior or perish.' He had one purpose as Jesus had, who 'set His face as a flint.' I know that many dear ones who read this, desire to be wholly given to the work of the Lord, that time and means are only held in trust for Jesus.

May it not be that this account of Africa's need will lead some to surrender and cry. 'Lord Jesus, Thou who didst die for me and livest for me, to the last pant of my breath, to the last fibre of my muscle, to the last cent of my wealth, I pray Thee help me to carry the beautiful news of free salvation to these waiting needy souls.'

One aim—one purpose—all absorbing."

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP TO THE LOMANI RIVER.

HAVING heard from England, Holland, and America that new missionaries were preparing to come out to the Belgian Congo, Brother Burton felt it necessary to find the thickest populations, the direction of the main roads of native travel, the areas in which the Kiluba language is understood, and to spot healthy sites, with a view to locating the oncoming workers to the best advantage. Having had several of the Lomani River natives with them at Mwanza for about a year, some of whom had been converted through the faithful testimony of one of the Mission's evangelists who visited them, Brother Burton had been often begged to settle along the Lomani River. Hence he chose that route for his journey of survey. They were absent from home exactly six weeks and the details of this wonderfully interesting journey are recorded in his Journal, excerps from which they are freely taken in this chapter.

"On Saturday, September 6th, 1919, by 6-30 a.m. a large crowd of natives, eager for the journey, had gathered outside the enclosure of our Mwanza house, to be 'taken on' as carriers of our hammocks, tent, and equipment; and as my wife and I sat at breakfast, a number of our native Christians waited in front of the door to wish us God speed and a safe return. Several wee Kanguba pickaninnies accompanied us some distance into the forest and seemed quite proud of my remark that before long they too would be able to shoulder their loads and accompany us.

The vast majority of officials and traders in this country know no Luban and a mere smattering of Kiswahili. Consequently they would point to a village asking, 'What is that?' The guileless black answering, 'Kabundji'—its a village—the name of the village is then marked down on the map as 'Kabundji.' Many similar errors occur on existing maps, so that in travelling I

carry a prismatic compass and triangulate where possible to keep an accurate record of villages and paths.

There is something infectious about Congo travel, and as we thread our way in 'Indian file' along the little wriggly forest paths, the boys drop their Kiluba, speaking Kiswahili, the language of the caravan, shouting to each other of other journeys they have been on, and keeping up a continual chatter of advice and

NATIVE FETISHES FOR GUARDING AGAINST ILLNESS AND CALAMITY.

encouragement to those who are taking their first trip, while, occasionally, they break into a weird and melodious travel song. We camped at Lubembei, where we have an out-school, and after a day spent in New Testament translation, and a delightful dip in the Lungui river, we called an afternoon Gospel service. A devil possessed lad in this village was recently delivered in Jesus' Name. Also an old man was mightily convicted and wished to become a Christian, but was not prepared to give up his fetishes. He fell ill, had ten fetishes made to guard and heal him, and died

soon after. His deserted hut stands near by the ten ugly wooden dolls in which he put his trust—an eloquent testimony to the inefficiency of fetishism. These two facts have mightily impressed the people, though the Catholics have tried to counteract the effects by declaring that we use sorcery.

Sunday, September 7th. We do not, as a rule, like to remain at one village from Saturday till Monday, as the boys, if inactive, get into mischief with the local natives. We prefer making a short move of four or five miles. Thus, to-day, we moved camp to Lubinda. The young trees on the hills were extremely beautiful. Every variety of red, scarlet, brown, fawn, lake, etc. in the early leaves. As I sat in my carrying hammock reading, 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider,' I could not but apply the passage to these Lubans. The birds and flowers, the trees and hillsides all seemed to be enjoying the bright Sunday morning, and only man, poor Christless rebel man, fails to recognise the tender loving hand of a heavenly Father.

Arrived at Lubinda, we camped under a magnificent 'Kakunkula' tree. So far as we could discover, it must be about 50 years old, but the shady, spreading branches were sufficient to shelter fifteen such tents as ours, being 261 feet in the circumference of the tree's shadow.

The village is in two parts, divided by the Lubembei river. On each side are rivals, Mwana Bute Kalume, and Shiku. The former desires to establish an independent chieftainship, while the latter is loyal to the chief Luamba, of the whole Ngoimani valley. We had a blessed afternoon meeting with the former village and a moonlight service among the subjects of the latter. Mwana Bute had a diseased arm, which had pained him for years, and despite big sums in goats, cloth, etc. given to witch doctors, he only grew worse. Then during the first meeting that we held in his village, he asked us to pray for his healing, with the result that he was **at once** healed.

Though his arm has given him no trouble since (2½ years), yet Mwana Bute is by no means a Christian. The afternoon meeting was opened for testimony, and some of our lads spoke blessedly.

Monday, 8th. We were away by 5 a.m. An early start enables one to travel in the cool of the day, but, alas, on this occasion, it also meant that in the semi-darkness, my hammock carriers dipped me in a crossing stream.

We had a splendid reception at Kisanga. We have selected a site for a mission in this village, as several large districts can be worked from it. In the evening between 150 and 200 people listened attentively to the Gospel. My wife was amused to notice eleven women sharing one pipe, passing it round from one to another.

We had intended to help Brother Gatzke build a nice little station here. It is healthy, there is splendid timber, and in every way would make a fine centre from which to radiate the Gospel. But, alas, Brother Gatzke has gone back to South Africa, and, at least for a time, our plan has miscarried. The chief, his counsellors, and people were all eager to have a school. May God speedily send His own appointed messenger. In the meantime, we are working Kisanga, and the villages ahead by fortnightly visits from our itinerating evangelists.*

Tuesday, 9th. We reached Piana early. There seems to be a fairly big population in the village, but it is very stretched out. Every man lives beside his own gardens in the bush in order to scare off the elephants, which would otherwise work havoc during the rainy season nights.

The country round about seems to be very little inhabited. Only a few small scattered hamlets.

We had a delightful swim in the Mbungui. Not far off is a small pool which the natives declare to be inhabited by their gods. They say that when they go to the pool and ask questions, a ripple

*Since writing this Brother Hodgson has taken charge of Kisanga Station.

or movement in the water indicates an affirmative reply, whereas silence and stillness means 'No.'

During the afternoon a big red puff adder was seen in the trees near our tent. I shot it. But the natives afterwards expressed disapproval, as they believed it to be possessed by the guardian spirit of the village. One of our evangelists, who was here some time ago, was given shelter in the house of a native whose little girl had a twisted neck. Charms and superstitions had for a long period been resorted to, but the neck remained crooked. At night, before retiring, our evangelist prayed, laying hands on the girl in Jesus' Name, and on awaking in the morning her neck was straight.

A POISONOUS SNAKE OVER EIGHT FEET LONG.

We had a fine afternoon meeting, somewhat disturbed, however, by the pompous behaviour of the Chief, who came late, just as I had well gripped the attention of the people, and refused to be seated, till his own particular mat had been fetched.

Wednesday, 10th. We reached Matabongo early. The Chief was most civil and respectful, but the people were very fearful of us, as unscrupulous recruiters of labour employ all sorts of subterfuges and underhand means to obtain natives.*

In the cool of the afternoon I took my rifle and went to get meat for the carriers. I wounded a buck, but owing to the hastiness of the boy who accompanied me, it struggled off into the bush

*Thank God this is not true of all labour recruiters, for we have found some honourable and courteous gentlemen among them. And men who are careful to add respect and grace to the prestige of the white race.

and was lost. I always tell my natives, that after I have shot, even if the game falls, they must remain low, lest they frighten off a wounded animal by revealing their presence. But in the excitement of the moment they almost invariably jump up and rush forward, with the result that, if an animal is not absolutely disabled, it frequently makes a last dash for liberty, only perhaps to die in some inaccessible spot.

On return to the village, I found that my wife had already started the meeting, and had a big crowd for such a sparsely inhabited district.

There are a number of small hamlets within 25 miles of here, and a couple of native evangelists might work them all from Kakongolo and Kijima.

Thursday, 11th. About an hour after we started a thunder storm broke, and we had a severe couple of hours. Fortunately we got up the tent before it struck us, so that neither boys nor loads got wet. After passing a ridge of ironstone hills, we wound for the last five miles of our journey beside the Kiankodi river. A very thinly populated piece of country. The river is a beautifully clear stream about the same volume (at Ngole where we camped), as the Orange River in the Free State, or the Ribble at Whitewell. The dense luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, surpassed for height and beauty anything we have previously seen. Enormous trees, tangled to their very tops with giant creepers, while the undergrowth impenetrably thick hung over the swiftly running water.

The first Ngole village which we reached numbered about seven huts, and our tired carriers refused at first to go further, though everyone in the village was suffering from a fearful disease of scabs and running sores, known as 'musa.' However, we finally moved on another mile on to a high ridge, and camped near the huts of the petty chief. He was a quiet unassuming man.

The Kiankodi plain is rich in salt, and most of his people were away gathering it.

In the afternoon we climbed a hill at the back of his village. My wife found the ascent rather taxing, but we were well rewarded by a magnificent view. We could see hills to the East of the Lovoi River on the South, the Kasongo Niembo hills about 50 miles West, and the hills shutting us off from the watershed of the Levidjo River to the N.E. Over these hills, about 30 miles from where we stood are the famous cannibal chiefs of Twite Munza and Twite Kabombwe. They are outlaws. Their country is high and healthy and the population is very large. Oh, may we soon see the Gospel preached in their villages. Twite Munza's people are gradually coming under control and some of them now pay the tax, but it is probable that Twite Kabombwe's spirit and the vicious cannibalism (which they practice with the smelling out of sorcerers), will call for a military action.

Away to the West also could be seen in the dim distance, the blue plain of Munga Sungu's country. Reigned over by those devil possessed women. The natives appoint their chieftainesses according to a belief in incarnation. After one woman dies, the natives wait till some woman is taken by the usual paroxysms of demon possession, when she, and they, believe that the spirit of the departed Queen has returned to resume her reign.

In the evening I invited two old men to sit with us by the fire and talk. At first, we allowed them to ramble on in their happy, simple, irresponsible way, about the salt, and the days when they smelted iron, and how a raid of Kabinda's men swept down, carried off their forges and tools, and forbade them to work in iron any more. Tales of hunting, travel, and pages of local history they gave us around the fire. One old man remarked on our great wisdom. He said : ' But of course you're so old !'

I said : ' How old are we?'

He said : ' I don't know. I cannot count my own years, and I'm only grey on the temples. How should I tell your years when your face and hands are all white? You must be my grandfather's age.'

Presently we turned the conversation into the topic of God's great salvation through Christ Jesus. Like the householder of Matt. 13, we produced from our treasure 'Things new and old,' telling of the God whose Name and acts they know, and of His Son Christ, of whom to this very night they had never heard—of the creation in all its glories around them, and of the new creation of all those who enter into the Lord Jesus.

As I and the other natives unfolded gently to these two old blacks around the camp fire logs, the precious treasures of God's grace and love, they seemed astounded.

One remarked: 'I always knew that those stars were eyes; for I've seen them wink as they looked at me. But well! well! just to think that all I have to do is to lift my hands up there (suiting the action to the word) and speak to God, in the name of—what do you call him—Yesu Kidishitu, and He will save, and heal, and keep me!'

After further talk they thanked us and went off into the night. Once in a lifetime they had heard the Word of life. How heart-breaking the thought, and then perhaps out again into heathen night for ever. While self-satisfied Christians at home ask, 'Why should we go to the heathen?' and 'Isn't my money my own to do as I like with?'

How I wish that many at home might thus taste that concentrated essence of pure delight in telling of Jesus to eager ears and hungry hearts for the first time. They would need no persuading to come, to give, and to pray for these dark children of night and superstition.

Friday 12th. We followed the Kiankodi along our whole day's march through a country infested with tsetse fly, which made travelling rather unpleasant, My wife was continually and badly bitten. We camped at Kasakai. My wife found one poor old woman so ill that she could only just move out of her hut into the sunshine. She had come with her relatives to the salt pans, and as she was too ill to return at the end of the season they left

her alone. How cruel Christless heathenism is! My wife, after praying with her, sent her some boxes of matches with which to buy food, but it was a long time before she could be persuaded to accept the gift, as she could not believe that it was a matter of free grace. She said she thought that we were going to involve her in some obligation, with a view to getting hold of her relatives to work on the mines. How very like many poor sinners who cannot accept the glories of God's free grace in Christ Jesus because they think that it is merely a trap to involve them in all sorts of legal obligations which they are unable to fulfill; whereas in reality it is 'mercy from first to last.'

However heavy their loads, our natives always contrive to take with them a little musical instrument consisting of eight to ten strips of iron, stuck into a piece of flat wood about as big as one's hand. Holding the instrument ('Kadimba,' or 'Kisandji') in both hands, they snap the strips of iron with their two thumb nails, producing very plaintive, soothing music. Some of our carriers are most dexterous at it, and after a long day's tramp, when the load is laid down, and a shady tree is found, they pass many a quiet, tranquil hour, producing pleasant minor notes and trills on their 'Kadimba.'

In the afternoon two sub-chiefs of Kabongo came to the service, with a considerable crowd of people. Our boys preached well, and I had great liberty and joy in telling out the Gospel message also.

Next day we camped at Kakolwe. We had an evening Gospel meeting, but only a few attended, and these were fidgety and inattentive. One cannot always tell, however, where the Gospel seed will find root. 'Instant in season and out of season'—'Sow beside all waters,'—'To every creature,'—these are our orders and so we can leave the results with God.

Sunday 14th. We remained at Kakolwe for Sunday, sending an evangelist on ahead to hold services at Kabwilu. Our afternoon's Gospel meeting was attended by a larger and more respect-

ful crowd than yesterday. We had a bathe in the Lubende stream. It is the last time that we shall touch water flowing Eastward to the Lualaba for some weeks, as to-morrow we pass over the watershed, and into the basin of the Lomani River.

On strolling along the village in the semi-darkness towards the tent, we were arrested by an animated conversation. Two or three old men were speaking away some 50 yards off, beyond a manioc garden, where they could scarcely be aware of our presence and we were delighted to hear one of them give an accurate and full summary of my Gospel messages of both yesterday and to-day, while the others occasionally asked questions and expressed approval. I must confess to disappointment at the apparent indifference in yesterday's meeting, and so this was God's tender and loving way of allowing me to see that the Word had not altogether fallen upon deaf ears. We went to sleep with the dismal howl of a hyena in our ears. He had evidently been attracted to the village by the smell of roan antelope flesh, which my boys are smoking over slow fires.

Monday, 15th. The villagers at Kabwilu gave us a tremendous reception, cheering vociferously, and running beside us until we had long left their village behind. Presently the beautiful little lake Boya came into sight. Then across the Lubai stream with its beautiful raphia palms, and up a well made road to the Belgian state poste of Kabongo. We were most kindly and courteously received by the Administrator, an intelligent gentleman, who took us on to his verandah, gave us coffee, and put a fine, big two roomed house at our disposal.

As we sat chatting, the great chief Kabongo came with a whole crowd of sub-chiefs and counsellors, to arrange for some details of tax collecting. He is an old slim man, and conducted himself with a great amount of pomp and ceremony. He was dressed in a long black dress coat with a red blanket round his shoulders, and had on a felt hat, with red feathers in the rim, and a big bunch of white feathers on the top. I had a

chat with him about the Munza country, and also about the first chiefs of Kabongo. He says that the man who founded this village on the Lubiai was the notorious Kongolo, who buried his own mother alive because she giggled in his presence.

Mr. Miller of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission has commenced work here, and the chief has built him a big school in the village. Just now, however, both Mr. Miller and his wife, with their little son, are away.

I asked the chief to call a big meeting in the afternoon, and when my wife and I reached the village, the native Christians got together a crowd of about 400. I sent a polite message, asking chief Kabongo to be present. He came with a lot of ceremony. He objected to removing his hat during the service. I gently but firmly insisted, pointing out that though we wished to give him all the respect due to a great chief, yet God is greater than all. King of Kings, the Ancient of Days. For a time he was obdurate, and as there were about 300 looking on, I felt it was a crisis, and we must see that King Jesus and not King Kabongo was given supreme place. When I refused to commence service until my wish was complied with, at last the chief went off, removed his hat, and various other paraphernalia, and returning in a white suit, he took a keen interest in the whole service, and afterwards took us to see his houses, etc.

Down each side of his enclosure is a row of huts for his wives, while in the centre are two great single room huts, each about 20 feet in diameter. There is nothing European about them. They are simply the old fashioned Luban huts, but the most beautifully built that I have ever seen. Thatching, lattice work, and mud smearing have all been carried out with the most accurate symmetry, and altogether they represent the most perfect pieces of purely Luban architecture that I have ever seen.

In the evening we were invited to dinner with the Administrator, and had a most interesting talk, during which he gave me notes of the best centres in his administratorial territory for

mission work, and also promised to lend me his map if I care to stay and copy it.

Tuesday, 16th. I spent all day copying the map, and finishing about 4 p.m., went to bid goodbye and have a cup of tea with the Administrator during the taking of which I was able to have a talk on spiritual lines, which I trust may not be altogether fruitless.

Wednesday, 17th. Arrived at Tombe, a very long village, consisting of a double row of huts with a road down the centre. The natives are exceedingly noisy and impudent. I had a very rowdy meeting attended by 300 or 400. What with the continual chattering of the women about my wife, who is the first white woman that many of them have ever seen, and the fear of many that we had soldiers in hiding, ready to pounce upon them and treat them badly, sending them to the mines, etc., the service was somewhat unsatisfactory, but at least, we had the opportunity of preaching Christ.

We chose a route through the country of the Bene M'Peta and Bene Musengai, who are mildly cannibal. That is if they detect anyone practicing witchcraft or casting evil spells, they kill and eat the culprit. The Kabongo administrator told me that on crossing the Luguvu River we might know we were in cannibal land; but at Tombe, our boys all huddled together, half frightened, half in fun, declaring that this was their last week, and that within the next few days they would be sauce for sweetening manoic mush.

Thursday, September 18th. After a splendid morning walk we entered the dense forest along the edge of the Luguvu River. It is a deep narrow river, with many tracks of hippopotamus along the banks. After about 2½ hours the carriers reached the little hamlet of Mukola, and were preparing to camp when we arrived. I made them shoulder their loads and go on to Mukomba, another eight miles march. Mukomba is a village of about 50 huts, and we found the people timid and intelligent. They grow castor oil, pineapples, etc. No one would suspect them of the horrid practice

of eating human flesh. They gathered respectfully and listened to the Gospel.

Later, three or four lads came to the tent, asking, 'Can we, by believing, become God's children in one day?' So I explained how that instantly and eternally we may become God's children. 'Then,' they said, 'now, as we become His, you will go away to-morrow, and no one will remain to teach us about Jesus. Please write us a page of God's words, that, if anyone who can read passes our village, we may ask him to read to us, even if only one of God's words, that we may know more.' So I wrote them out a page of texts, which they very carefully carried off, wrapped in banana leaf. I wonder who will read them that precious page of God's words. I know that 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' So that somehow, He alone knows how, God will satisfy the longing hearts.

Friday, September 19th. We had prepared ourselves to receive a somewhat cold or hostile reception from the Musengai natives, but we were surprised, on reaching Kulu Kahehula, (their first big village) to see neatly built houses, and a beautifully swept street, while the grass cloth which they weave is neater than we have hitherto seen.

The situation is beautiful, on the clear limpid Luhujia stream, and nestling on a little table land, between high grassy hills crowned with patches of forest. After winding for a few miles along the hills, and a stiff climb over a ridge, we dropped into Kinombe, a village of some 120 huts. As Kinombe is in the very heart of the Musengai hills, we approached with some misgivings, and I think we should not have been altogether surprised to see skulls on posts, and old men gnawing bones. But we were surprised to see neatly built huts, nestling among the palm trees, and a well hoed path connecting different parts of the village.

My wife—the first white woman to visit the Bene Musengai—received a tremendous ovation of cheering, greeting and hand clapping. We were conducted courteously to the chief, who gave

us a kindly reception, and put at our disposal the verandah of his beautifully built little house. Before we had been there many minutes—what a sight for thirsty missionaries after a 19 miles travel far from civilization—some youngsters came with pineapples and lemons for sale.

In the afternoon we held a meeting. There were about 150 natives present; but though there was no actual discourtesy, it was the first meeting they had ever had, and the first time they had ever heard the precious Name of the Lord Jesus, so that at every pause there was a big noise which had to be quelled before we could proceed.

Certainly there were eager faces, and intense listening from some, but though we had prayed earnestly for a time of blessing, yet when I dismissed the crowd, my wife and I turned to each other, remarking, 'What a strange disturbed, unfinished, unsatisfactory sort of meeting.' The people, however, did not disperse, and the chief after talking eagerly for some time with some old men came back to me, saying, 'Look, Bwana, we've heard what you say, and so far, so good; but we want to get at the root of the matter. How do we get audience with GOD? How does the Name of Jesus affect the matter? What can a man do to be made good? Show us how to pray. We understand that Salvation is a gift, but how do we receive it? We want properly to understand.'

The people crowded round. A whole bank of eager black faces, intelligently taking in every word. What a joy it was to answer question by question, to show them how prayer is made, and how a sinner can be made clean. Again and again they put clear, straight, thinking questions, hanging on every word of my replies. The sun was almost on the horizon when the chief said, 'Now, Bwana, I understand and am satisfied. We shall ask God to send some one to teach us, and we want to do as you say.' Really, I never had a sweeter, straighter response to the Gospel message in my life.

In summarizing, let me say that the country is well watered, beautiful in the extreme, the population of the Bene Musengai, I would put at 600 —living in three big and three small villages (all within ten miles of Kinombe), while their neighbours, the Bene Mpeta to the North, number about twice as many. God grant that these sweet happy, frank people may soon have a regular and faithful gospel ministry in their midst. The fact that in their desire to rid from their midst those who practice secret black art, they have killed and eaten them, should not make one despise them. Rather it shows the length to which their religion carries them, and I believe that when the grace of God takes hold of them, they will be prepared to go to similar lengths in His service, for the true religion.

Saturday, September 20th. In the early morning the natives came streaming into the village from Mukombo, 19 miles ahead. They said that the white administrator from Kisengwa is to visit their village. We have continually prayed that God will put us in the road of those who can give us information and surely this is His answer, so that to-day we feel He has blessedly answered prayer. We had a long tramp from the Bene Musengai, passing two deserted villages en route; almost all the inhabitants had decamped into the bush on the approach of the white man.

Some time after midday we reached Mukombo. It is a fine big village. I would estimate the inhabitants at 600 or 700. The whole place is well laid out. Neatly built huts being aligned on each side of a wide nicely swept street, with rows of pineapples along the front of each hut.

I had a long talk with the administrator, and he lent me his map of the district which I copied. He is the only white man in this whole district—about 100 miles long by 80 miles wide—and there is not a single missionary, black or white, Roman Catholic or Protestant.

In the North the natives speak Kiswahili; in the South Kiluba, and a little Kituba, while among those in the East, Kisongi is

spoken. With the exception of two districts, the population is not big. These districts we hope to see in the next fortnight.

The Administrator tells me that, a few days ago, while attempting to collect tax in the small village of Beikija, which we found deserted en route, he was attacked by poisoned arrows, and muzzle loading guns, and had quite an exciting time. Also he says that although the district of Kisengwa has been under white administration since 1902, yet only quite recently the ex-administrator surprised some of the Bene Kipete (whose villages we are to pass (D.V.) the day after to-morrow) in a cannibal feast, and they decamped so hurriedly that they left behind a piece of smoked human arm with hand and fingers. He managed to capture 25 of the culprits, and they are now in durance vile at Kabinda.

Sunday, September 21st. Altogether last night and this morning my wife and I finished eight chapters of Testament translation. I had a visit from the chief and his elders. We explained that we had come with God's words, and desired that his people should hear. So he promised to call an afternoon meeting. He was very friendly and expressed a desire to have a missionary in his neighbourhood that all his people might be taught. Certainly the district is healthy. We have had no mosquitoes, and slept without nets. Also from here several big villages can be reached. We shall see later whether any better spot exists as a centre from which to reach this people. In the afternoon, despite a shower of rain, some 300 or 400 people attended the Gospel meeting, and on the whole they listened well, though as it is the first time these people ever heard JESUS' Name, naturally a gospel service called for many remarks and questions.

In the evening, the natives held a drum and whistle dance. They all wore white grass matting loin cloths, and as they danced in rhythmic motion in a great circle around a fire, the effect was weird and ghostly. Their tune was not unmusical, produced by whistles of reed, resembling pan pipes.

Monday, 22nd. We made an early trip through to Kichima. A village of some 400 people, built in a single long street with houses on either side. At the end of the village are a number of ruined huts, evidently just destroyed. There were recently two rival chiefs, both with his following, appointed upon the death of the old village head-man. These proceeded from defiance to insult, then to pillage and affront, and finally to open war. After several deaths the one part of the villagers either fled or yielded, leaving the other part in possession.

When offered food I explained that we did not need it, being well provided, but they begged us to accept it. One poor chap brought an egg, saying, 'I have no more, but if you don't accept this, as a token of goodwill, then I will imagine that you consider me as the dirt beneath your feet.' It is not often that we have seen so kindly a spirit.

In the afternoon a crowd of about 250 gathered to hear the Gospel. We blessedly felt God's power. A rain storm broke over us while the meeting was in progress, and the people fled to shelter, but as soon as it was over, they were back again in added numbers. The interest was intense, and every few minutes, I had to stop, while there was a burst of surprise, or to give them a chance to turn excitedly to each other, and tell over again some point which had specially gripped them.

When all was over, the crowd would not disperse. They stood as if rooted. One old man shouted: 'Here's a wonderful thing! We've lived here a lifetime, and seen wicked white men come, who stole our goods, and abused our wives and our sisters. But at last a man has come in peace and with a real white woman. And we have heard words of our creation and salvation. What answer shall we give to the white man?'

I explained that it was not I—the messenger—who needed a reply. But God Himself and Christ His Son who awaited a reply.

The village capitao stepped forward, and sitting at our feet, said: 'Bwana, we have never heard those words before, and

to-morrow morning you are leaving us. May we not ask a few questions?'

I gladly assented; and for a long time they eagerly asked and listened, some 270 or 280 people solemnly drinking in every word. I think I never met a more whole-hearted, guileless response to the Gospel message in my whole life. I have spoken with men in South Africa, who told me how exultant they were, when after three or four years of hard toil for insignificant gains, at last they found diamonds which rewarded all their toil; I have heard tales of following for days on the spoor (tracks) of a herd, and of the final shot which brought down the longed for trophy, and of the triumph as the hunter stood over the dying body of some great beast, that amply rewarded all his toils; but I am sure that no thrill of joy and pure delight can surpass that which a Gospel preacher experiences when he sees natives pass that precious Name from lip to lip for the first time, and realises that his hearers are giving a glad and immediate response to the claims of the Lord of Lords and King of Kings—Jesus Christ. The most lasting of all joys, the worthiest of all themes, the most miraculous of all results.

Tuesday, 23rd. We left the village with many wishes for a good journey, the natives assuring us that they will continue to pray to God in Jesus' Name until He sends them a teacher of their own. The village capitao said: 'I will shew you a short cut across the open country where you may be able to shoot a roan antelope.' But after a tramp of four or five miles, he led us into a little hamlet where some of his relatives and his mother live. There he asked me to sit down, while he called the people together that I might tell them 'words to be amazed at.' Then I saw that it was not a roan antelope that he had led us by this circuitous route to find, but he had brought us there that his people might hear of Jesus, and after I had finished, he himself stood up and volubly, earnestly, and accurately told them practically all that I had preached on the previous afternoon, especially urging them 'not to forget that holy Name of power and authority—Jesus Christ.'

After a couple of hours' tramp we reached a swamp of most magnificent raphia palms. The beautiful ferns, the palm fronds of some 30 feet average length, and the wonderfully soft, brightly coloured mosses, lichens, and flowers which carpeted and festooned

SISTER BURTON AMONG THE RAPHIA PALMS.

this marsh, fully repaid us for half an hour's struggle through mud, quake bog, and water—along slippery logs and on half submerged stumps, with a growth so dense overhead, that one had to move carefully in the gloom. Then for two or three hours over undulating country past the Kitania lake and the village of Koni.

About 70 years ago Kitania Lake was the site of a flourishing village, in a low lying valley, with the lakes of Mwebo and Dijiba only three or four miles away. A woman noticed, one day, while digging up sweet potatoes that water oozed through, so instead of going to distant streams, she and her fellow villagers drew water close at hand. But the spring became stronger and stronger till one day some hidden barrier burst and the whole village was swamped, only two natives (whose children at present inhabit Koni) escaping, and the neighbouring lakes dropped several feet in depth. Then both the new and the two original lakes rose till the former level was reached. Clearly the whole phenomenon was due to a subterranean connection between the lakes, but the natives attribute it to an insult to some local deity, who had been offended because the people did not give him enough beer. By all accounts the natives of Koni are cannibals. Even their nearest neighbours acknowledge it. As we passed their pretty little hill-side village they shouted, 'White man we greet and welcome you, but had you been the Administrator from Kisengwa, we would not want you here, for we refuse to pay the tax.'

Finally we arrived at Kabula Kisenga, a village of some 550 people. They met us at least a mile from the village. Several sturdy fellows, shouting welcomes, pushed our hammock carriers aside and seized us, running us into the village in fine style. There the women came trotting round like bats round a candle, clapping their hands in welcome to the first white woman, and uttering shrill yells, patting their mouths the while, to give the effect of a strange intermittent trill. The chief was an ignorant, impudent young fellow, and I had to call him to order severely, after which he behaved tolerably well, and brought us some pineapples as a peace offering.

One of the most trying experiences of a tramp preacher in Central Africa is the continual gaze. Some white men drive the inquisitive gazers off with a hippo hide sjambok, but we gladly welcome them. Nevertheless, it is a very real trial, after a long

march to sit and be a gazing stock for 300 or 400 pairs of keenly scrutinizing eyes. Paul said: 'God hath set forth us apostles last, as it were appointed unto death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world and to angels and to men,' 1 Cor. 4, 9. Old and young, men and women, stand round in a solid wall, hemming one in, and as one sits on the first load to be set down in the village, and mops the dust and perspiration from one's face, remarks pass

NATIVE WOMAN COOKING HER HUSBAND'S FOOD.

freely among them; for they have not yet found out that we understand all that they are talking about.

No action of ours, or article we produce is too small for scrutiny and comment. The fact that I eat with my wife, walk beside her, and even get up to allow her to sit down, is a never ending source of wonder, and the poor, down-trodden, despised, beaten, degraded native woman—whose very name is a synonym

for weakness and shame, and who is bought and sold as a sheep or goat—is the first to raise the voice of criticism.

Sisters who come to the Congo to bring their message of liberty to Africa's dusky daughters, must be under no misapprehension. The Hebrew slaves as well as their Egyptian overlords resented the attempt at their emancipation (Ex. 2, 14; 5, 2; 6, 9; 14, 12; 16, 13) and Africa's women are the first to raise objections when we bring them news of their freedom. They cling to their superstitions more tenaciously than the men, and they resent monogomy on the ground that if a man has several wives, there is less work for each one to do.

Thursday, 26th. After about ten miles of open country we reached the Lomani River. It is a very different river from the Lualaba. The latter is skirted with broad plains and marshes, but the Lomani has hills down to the water's edge, very little marsh land, and is beautifully wooded along the banks. It has an even depth of about six feet, and runs over a gravelly bottom, so that the natives propel their boats with poles rather than paddles. Every few hundred yards one comes upon rapids and waterfalls, some of which are of enchanting beauty. There are numbers of hippopotomi and crocodiles. Also the sleeping sickness fly, palpalis, is very plentiful.

We camped at the village of Kijiba—eight miles from Mwana Tshofwe. The people on this side of the Lomani, between the boundaries of the rivers Lukashi, Ekekei and Idimbi, are Bekalbwe, a most interesting and intelligent people. They build their villages on the hill tops—unlike the Baluba, who build as a rule scattered villages down in the valleys and beside the water courses. Their houses are large and well built, in beautiful streets, each house enclosed by its own fence of living trees, and in its own neat garden.

Their skill in iron work and basket making is considerable. Also their gardens are very creditable. Though only dug with the

hoe, yet they are absolutely straight, dug in regular parallel rows from top to bottom of the hills.

Their language is very similar to Kiluba, so that I can understand much that they say. Like the Baluba, between Kabongo and here, they make grass cloth clothing from Makulo and Makombo palms.

In the evening we had a blessed little meeting, though I had to speak through the interpretation. I suppose 150 were present. Some time after our arrival, the chief at Mwana Tshofwe having heard of our coming, sent his capitao through to welcome us.

Friday, 27th. This morning the old sub-chief of Kishiba sent for us to pray for him as he had a sore chest and back. It is really blessed to see how, during this trip, God has honoured prayer with the laying on of hands in Jesus' Name. Again and again when our carriers have been taken ill they have come for prayer, and have been restored. Hence, though many of them are unconverted, they help to spread the fame of Jesus' Name, and recommend others to come for prayer.

Our reputation has gone before us. My wife, being the first white lady in all this region (at Kabinda there are three ladies, but these people of Mwana Tshofwe have never had a visit, as Kabinda is five days' journey distant), came in for the lion's share. Round upon round of cheers, scores of little children running ahead to stand in line and salute, then dashing on to line up and salute again. Dear old fat African mothers rushing from their gardens to clap their hands in joyful greeting, and then back to work again.

Some six miles before we reached Mwana Tshofwe, our hammock carriers were pushed aside, and a crowd of sturdy, perspiring men took turns in carrying us. Considering the fact that practically the whole road from the Lomani River up to Mwana Tshofwe is a continual climb, this help was most timely. Arriving in the village, with a population of about 800 or 1,000, the chief met us in the main street, and greeting us with a clumsy

courtesy, took us to the shade of his verandah. Here we found a white man, the agent of the 'Bourse du Travail,' at Kabinda. He was most kind, gave us tea, and though he was on the point of leaving, he gave me a full hour's conversation, telling me the position of the biggest towns, and of the tribal boundaries, as well as a lot more useful information.

How wonderfully God has provided us with friends and information at every step of this journey. We have completed 250 miles of our journey, have located with rough accuracy some 300 native towns and villages, and have covered half our trip. Ebenezer. God has wonderfully, blessedly sent along tax boys, chiefs, travellers, and Government Agents to enable me to find out heavy centres of population, the language, distribution, etc. 'Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith, or the saw against him that swingeth it?' We have had nothing to do but move along in His will, and gather the information which our Father has laid ready to our hand.

During the three days' stay at Mwana Tshofwe both we and the boys were showered with presents, and had again and again to refuse gifts, real bona-fide gifts, expecting nothing again. These gifts included sheep, goats, fowl, eggs, etc. Each morning we were given a tin can of goat's milk, and again and again, presents of monkey nuts, bananas, sugar-cane, etc.

On Friday evening the biggest native crowd gathered that I have ever preached to, headed by the chief and his elders. I should judge there were 550 or 600 present.

Saturday, 28th. In the morning I visited Kiungu, the biggest village of this district—estimated population, 3,000. The distance from Mwana Tshofwe is eight miles. The chief and his elders, despite gathering rain clouds, gave me a most respectable hearing. Two Roman Catholic lads, from Kabinda, on a visit to their relatives, did their best to be impudent, and upset the meeting, but the chief had them turned out of the village for their rudeness, and

apologised to my evangelist, Shalumbo, saying that they were strangers.

On the journey home, I took refuge from the rain in a small village. The people vied with each other to show me kindness. I was given a raphia palm bed and mat on one of their verandahs for my midday siesta (nap). They brought me sugar cane, monkey nuts (pea-nuts), and bananas, killed a goat for my boys, and in every possible way shewed their love and appreciation. Again in the afternoon we had a big meeting at Mwana Tshofwe.

Sunday, 29th. Before we got up this morning there were sick people outside the tent waiting for prayer, and two men desiring to accept salvation in Christ Jesus. One of these had a big packet of gourds, nut shells, horns, and grass cloth packets, filled with charms and magic which he had brought to burn.

The chief's eldest son—the heir apparent—a nice intelligent fellow, visited us, and later took us to see the home that he is building, with nice big airy rooms with high ceilings. He said that all the people were **so** glad to welcome the white man, and had done all in their power to manifest their appreciation at our visit; but why, oh why, were we not staying with them? They wanted some one to stay **always** and teach all their villages of the book that God had sent to man.

He was so absolutely frank and genuine that it is very hard to think of leaving to-morrow. This district is one of the most promising — perhaps **the** most promising — for reaching large masses of eager, hungry people within a comparatively small area that I have seen. The people are kindly, the country is open, with superb views on every hand. The villages being built on hill tops, however, visitation would be tiring, and especially to any-one with a weak heart.

In the evening after the last service (during which we blessedly realised God's power), the chief and his counsellors asked me if I wouldn't make their country my home. They declared that they would withold nothing from me. Such appeals are most

pathetic. An old man present, with practically all his village, has burned his fetishes. At another village (Kabwe) they have had regular evening prayer since the visit of our evangelist, Shalumbo, a little over a year ago.

Monday, 30th. We were ready for the march by 3-30, but several were waiting for a final word, and some sick were waiting to be prayed with. Also some old fellows wanted to know 'You have God's words. What are you going to do for us?' I said, 'I can make no promise at present, but I have asked God to send a missionary here, and am writing to England to tell them about you all, and I am **sure** that He will answer in Jesus' Name, and send you a missionary.'

As we left the village the early morning sun broke over the green highlands and mist shrouded valleys of the Bekalebwe country, and as I sat in my carrying hammock, I opened 'Lesser's Translation of the Old Testament' at Isa. 9: 'The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death—a light shineth brightly over them. Thou hast multiplied the nation and made great their joy; they rejoice before thee as with the joy in harvest, as men are glad when they divide the spoil. For the yoke of their burden, and the staff on their shoulder, the rod of their oppressor hast thou broken—For a child is born unto us, and a son hath been given unto us, and the government is upon His shoulders.'

Truly, after 19 centuries of darkness, at last the blessed light of Jesus is breaking in upon the subjects of Mwana Tshofwe.

We camped at the little iron workers' village of Nkoto on the Ekekei River, and I had a lovely swim in its waters. Most of the people seemed too busy at their native forges to attend the gospel meetings, but a few listened earnestly to Shalumbo, and the others who could preach to them in their own Ki-Kalebwe. As several of the boys are suffering from tick fever (contracted at Kabongo, where the intermittent fever tick is bad), I determined

to stay over a day at Nkoto to write letters and give them further rest.

Tuesday, 1st October. The iron smelters were at work this morning by 4 a.m. shouting to hoes and axes to come out of the red iron ore. Their charcoal furnaces are simple clay receptacles about four feet high behind, where the bellows go and an additional depth of three feet front, where the iron metal is run out.

NATIVE SMELTERS AT WORK EXTRACTING IRON FROM THE ORE. THE TWO MEN BEHIND THE FURNACE ARE WORKING NATIVE BELLOWS. THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN LADLE IS PUTTING IN ALTERNATE LAYERS OF CHARCOAL AND IRON ORE, WHILE THE OTHER NATIVES ARE BRINGING IN THESE TWO COMMODITIES, AS WELL AS BEER AND OTHER REFRESHMENTS.

It takes about 14 hours to get the iron from the ore, and they put in six big native baskets (each with about 50 pounds weight) of ore, to get enough iron for 10 to 20 hoes, while the same amount of charcoal is burned up in the operation.

Wednesday, 2nd October. We were misled in the early morning, and having gone some distance before we discovered our

error, had to retrace our steps. Hence we halted for breakfast at the very big village of Lusala, near the big flat topped Neumba hill, which has been in sight, off and on, ever since we left Kibanza, and has been a great help to me in correctly mapping this country, making such a conspicuous landmark for triangulations.

The old chief of Lusala—who boasts about 500 villagers and rich iron deposits—came very respectfully and humbly, saying, that since he understood that we were explaining the words of God, and he much desired to hear them but had never opportunity, would we please let some one stay and explain these ' matters of eternity ' to his people. So Shalumbo stayed for a service. He states that an enormous crowd gathered, and listened earnestly. Moreover they begged him to persuade the white man to send someone to live at Lusala and always teach them.

Arriving at Kabashilange, our stopping place, a village of about 250 people, we found ourselves in the centre of a considerable crowd doing honour to their far famed ' Nkishi ' or idol, named Tombwe, which was made by four powerful magicians at a price of 200 francs and a woman. The woman, frightened to become the wife of a magician, ran away, but was brought back and forced into submission, though screaming and almost incoherent in her terror.

The ' nkishi ' is about two feet six inches high. A wooden figure covered with charms, etc. It is carried about by two women, who may not touch its sacred person, but hold it by two long poles attached to its arms. Moreover as it is carried, a drum and rattle band is in attendance, while little girls sweep the ground before it, as it is stood upright, with grass cloth bundles filled with magic charms. The father of a certain native Somwe, was lost, and the idol was paid a big sum to find him. The poor tired women attendants dragged it uphill and down dale, through stream and forest, now and again professing to get on the scent, but in vain.

So Somwe and many of his family, hearing of the Gospel from

our native Christians, threw up fetish worship, burnt their charms and professed faith in Christ.

Just across the Ekekei River, about two miles distant is the village Lualaba lwa Nsangwa, a village of some 500 people; but the tree across the river, which served as a bridge, has been

THE FAMOUS FETISH OF KABASHILANGE.

swept off by flood, so I contented myself by preaching at Kabashilange, leaving our native Christians to cross the Ekekei and preach in Lualaba. They found the river neck deep and very swift, but they were repaid for their journey by a splendid service. We also had a big crowd listening while we urged the people of

Kabashilange to turn from idols, and trust in the Lord Jesus. In fact all night they did not sleep, as the natives pressed into the hut which had been allotted to our preachers, and begged them to tell more.

Next day we camped at Midumbu, welcomed by chief Mulenda, to a well kept white man's rest house. This is a fair sized village, built along a single wide street, and containing 120 houses and 240 people.

The Kisengwa Administratorial District which we have now re-entered, is a difficult one to encompass with the Gospel, as one only finds the villages at very long intervals. There are but four large villages outside the Bene Kipete, namely Mukombo, Dipesa (Kitanza), Kimoto (Mukunu) and Bidikwibwe (Kasengu). as however, all these and also the Bena Kipete are within three days' march of Mukombo, which is a healthy populous village, this would seem the best spot for a mission site in Kisengwa District. They are all Kiluba speaking villages.

The people of Midumbu speak a mixture of Kiswahili Kikalebwe, and Kisonge, but understood me well enough when I spoke Kiluba to them.

Friday, October 4th. We had a varied country to-day. Leaving Midumbu we soon left the light scrub lands, and came out into open country. As we neared the Lomani, we entered most beautiful dense forest land. Presently we came to an abrupt slope, which led down amid tangles of pineapple to the Administrator's garden. Mr. Phillips, the Administrator, gave us a kind reception, put the travellers' rest house at our disposal, invited us to dinner and a most interesting chat, and finally gave us a basket of fruit and vegetables to help us along the road.

Saturday, October 5th. After a lovely march through dense bush across the Lukashi River on a strange native bridge of poles, and another march in open country, we reached Muninga, the village chief Mpeko, just as the people were preparing to go to battle with Engo of Kabongo (some ten miles further on).

However, on hearing that a white man was coming, they desisted, and stayed to hear the Gospel.

Monday, October 7th, 1919. We plunged into the bush, emerging in the lovely mango and lemon avenue of the Katombe where there are coffee plantations. Here we met our evangelists Kadimi and Gideon with their wives. They had a very successful

The Lomani River at Kisengwa Ferry.

rice harvest, and having sold well, they have freely given their time all this dry season to evangelising all along the Levidjo River, which, it will be remembered, we approached near its source at Ngole.

This place was started 17 years ago by the Comité Spécial as a rubber plantation, and then abandoned by them. The coffee is a later development. There are now 56 hectares under cultivation, producing 30 tons of coffee which is sold at the absurdly low

figure of francs 1.75 (1/4 or 8c.) per kilo, or about 7d. or 4c. per pound, and all who taste it declare its flavour superb.

In the evening we had a very blessed service in Katombe village. About 250 were present and the power of God came down blessedly upon us. There is salvation for asking, 'Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.' (Rom. 10, 13). Who knows how many from among the villages that we have passed have reached out in faith in Jesus' Name, and found that great salvation which comes to 'whosoever shall call.' And seeing that the Name and Authority of the Lord Jesus Christ has now reached these people, what a tremendous responsibility devolves upon us, His ministers, to baptise, to teach, to form assemblies, and to carry out all in accordance with God's Word!*

Tuesday, 8th October. To-day we leave the beaten track of the Kongolo-Kabinda route, and turn into the long, dripping grass of the tse-tse fly infested bush. Before long, my poor wife's limbs and face were so fearfully stung and poisoned as to be swollen into knobs and eruptions, while for a time the irritation was so severe that she could no longer rest in her machilla. But the poison had evidently affected her head as well, for on getting out her brain reeled, and she fell to the ground. Moreover, her feet were in such a state that she positively could not walk without assistance. So we had to put her into the machilla, hasten to a near village, get up the tent with all despatch, and as the tse-tse flies were bad even in the village, we had the mosquito nets put up, and got her to bed as soon as possible. A hot bath was the only thing that seemed to allay irritation. However, the native Christians gathered and prayed with me, and God graciously answered, so that by evening my wife was comparatively easy once more.

The rain set in mercilessly soon after we reached camp—in the miserable little village of Kilume—so that we could not hold service. Almost all the people, however, must have heard the

*In 1921 a native evangelist was placed in this village.

Gospel, for all day long our boys were visiting one and another in their huts, and telling them of God's love in sending His Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Wednesday, 9th October. On the journey again, but this time with my wife's feet in my cycling hose and her body swathed in a blanket. Moreover, with a cow's tail switch to clear off the flies which would attack hands or face, so that while I was bitten, she escaped lightly. Personally, tse-tse fly bites don't seem to affect me beyond the initial prick of their sting.

We camped at Kihombo, a little village. This district is very poorly inhabited. One of my boys took my rifle, and managed to kill a wart hog, which the carriers eagerly divided. It has the reputation of being the sweetest meat in the bush, though its face is enough to put a white man against it. Surely no more ugly animal (not even a hippo) walks on this continent than a wart hog!

Thursday, 10th. A long journey through open forest. The boys spotted three hartebeeste in the distance, and as I stalked them with my rifle, two great buffalo suddenly rose from the bush, and rushed right across my path at less than 100 yards range. So leaving the hartebeeste, I shot one buffalo, breaking a leg. A long chase followed, and finally Mr. Buffalo kicked his last, and became 1,000 pounds of prime beef, to the huge delight of the carriers. We always make a point of kneeling around the fallen game, and ascribing the success, not to the gun, or huntsman, but to our Heavenly Father. In this way our carriers learn to realise their dependence upon Him.

We passed the village of Lubidje, and some smaller hamlets, finally camping beside the marshes of the Levidyo River at Twite Ntenga, where heavy winds and threatened rain prevented our holding a big service.

We have now reached the fringe of the heavy population around Hanga Nkolwa (Ankoro) though the main village is 30 miles distant.

Friday, 11th. From Twite we passed a succession of villages ranging in population from two or three families to some 200 to 400 in the biggest centres. The Catholic priests have four catechists in these villages, and humanly speaking, in another couple of years, the people will be almost impossible to reach. Throughout this dry season some of our native Christians have been evangelising here and find a ready response.

We ferried across the Levidyo River within a few hundred yards of the spot where it falls into the Lualaba. The stream is about 25 yards wide and navigable for about six miles from its mouth, making the big villages of Shimbi and Kanombe accessible from Lualaba by boat. From here to Ankoro, 20 miles southward, and to Kabalo, 35 miles northward, is one long succession of villages, without Christ and without hope. We camped at Kikasu.

Saturday, 12th. From early morning till after midday, we passed along a well hoed path, with some 13 villages, some of them small, and the largest (Hanga Nkolwa, or Ankoro) having a population of about 500, a Belgian Government Poste, and a Greek trader's store at which we were glad to replenish our stock of sugar, flour, etc.

We camped at Bale, a small village about five miles South of Ankoro—six days' journey along the Lualaba river bank from Kabumbulu. Just north of this spot the River Luvuwa, running out of Lake Moero, flows into the Lualaba. It is navigable as far as Kiambi, but so far as I can discover from local natives, the villages on its banks are few and small, excepting Kiambi itself.

At Bale our natives could purchase practically no food. The village is new, the manioc gardens are not yet giving crops, the bush buck and wild pigs are making serious inroads into the cultivation, and the people, (a weakly diseased, scrofulous little crowd) seemed to be subsisting on roots, lizards, and the like. Hence the carriers begged us not to remain there over Sunday for another day of hunger.

At Kilengalele, the chief, a dirty, slovenly individual, after having an entirely ungrounded quarrel with my boys, came to greet me without removing his hat from his head or his pipe from his mouth. Now the African takes us more or less at our own estimate, and to allow this impudence would have been to bring about a disregard of ourselves, and a slighting of our message, so I removed the pipe and ordered him to remove his hat, and either behave himself or get out. The effect was magical. He became polite, respectful and almost obsequious. We had a very blessed meeting in the afternoon. Several present seemed deeply interested, and next morning as we were getting into our hammocks to leave the village in the star light, the chief came forward with a salute, and asked, 'What was His Name?' Jesus Christ, Yesu Klisitu. And we left him, murmuring it over to himself. Yesu! Yesu!

Monday, 14th October. After a halt in the bush to lop down a tree and get a splendid feast of wild honey, and a long tramp into the hill country we reached Kahia, a village of about 150 people, at the foot of a fine wooded mountain. The chief seemed a respectful, intelligent, young fellow, and my heart was much drawn to him. We halted to preach. It was a most blessed and impressive service. The first time that they have heard of Jesus' Name. How eagerly they listened!

We felt sorry to leave them with so small a testimony to this great Gospel. But perhaps they have heard enough to make them hungry for more. 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they SHALL be filled.'

Leaving Kahia, we tramped along a most beautiful forest path, with mountains looming up above us through the tree tops to our left, for another six miles to Pianimbayo, the village of chief Taha. My interest in this village—though I had never before set foot in it—extends back for three years, to a time when I was nursing a sick trader through black water fever in his camp at Kabumbulu. During an interval of his convalescence, as the sick

man slumbered, I slipped out into his verandah to get a breath of fresh air. A native was sweeping the yard, and as my heart was full of the message of Calvary, I spoke to this man of his soul, of God's love gift, and of eternal salvation. He eagerly listened, and later in the day told me of great villages two days' journey over the hills where his family live, and where God's words have not been heard. He evidently returned to his village and told them, for more than a year later a deputation came to Brother Salter at Mwanza, asking us to send them a missionary at Pianimbayo. Months and years have slipped past, but though we have prayed constantly, yet this is the first time I have been able to preach there.

The village is beautifully situated in the head of four valleys, with great hills all around, densely afforested, and with such a wealth of tangled creepers festooning the tree tops as one doesn't often see. We camped beneath a mighty teak tree. The chief had had too much palm wine, and his constant interruptions during service somewhat hindered the preaching of the Gospel, though there were some who manifested real earnestness. Within a few miles radius of his village there are several other large native towns.

After some 18 miles we reached Kilulwe, renowned far and near for its iron work. The ore is much richer than that which we saw at Nkoto. One big basketful will produce iron for from ten to sixteen hoes.

The old chief Kilulwe came to meet us in the most extraordinary get up. He had a sort of halo round his head made of blue, black, and white beads, a similar bead-covered insignia across his breast, a very keen, well-made Luban knife stuck into his belt, a beautiful little leopard skin around his loins, and most extraordinary of all, an elaborately carved staff in his hand, on the head of which were artistically carved two Luban women arm in arm.

From here, I got a fine set of triangulations. There is a

fine population around Kilulwe, and being upon the hillside it is a healthy position. In my opinion (though further surveys would be necessary to substantiate the matter finally) it would be better to supervise the district from a European station at Kilulwe than at Pianimbayo, which latter is surrounded by hills, and is therefore hot and enervating.

Chief Kilulwe.

By the afternoon, the chief, who had become offended, had recovered from his sulks and attended the Gospel with a big following, though his whole attitude was that of graciously condescending to patronize our meeting with his august presence; and I fear that he will have to bend his bead-crowned head considerably lower before he can enter the strait gate of Salvation through repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Friday, 18th October. Home! Oh what a welcome home the Mwanza natives gave us! Christians and heathen alike. Far into the night they came to say how glad they were of our safe return. We praise God that under the care of Sisters Toerien and Rickow, the work has gone on well in our absence, and fresh manifestations of His grace have been seen in precious souls added to the Lord.

CHAPTER XI.

A LUBAN PENTECOST.

Mwanza, January 20th, 1920.

MY heart is so full of praise to God that I scarcely know where to commence in telling you of the great blessings of the last fortnight. I have repeatedly asked your prayers that God's holy Spirit might be poured out upon Lubaland. Let me tell you how wonderfully our Father has answered.

We are in the habit of assembling our believers every three to six months for fellowship, teaching, and conference. Those who at the last conference started out to teach, returned to this conference with a blessed harvest of believers. Seven from one village, twelve from another, fifteen from a third, and so on. What a joy it was to welcome these young Christians, and to feed them from God's Word. They seemed never to be tired of listening. I started the first meetings at 6-0 a.m. for our leaders, teachers, and evangelists, and from thence onward we didn't have a moment to ourselves until late in the evening. Out last regular meeting was a gathering at night on our verandah to teach them new hymns. In a week or so those eight to a dozen fresh hymns will be ringing out into villages nearly 100 miles apart.

Even that was not the end of proceedings, for a number of little lads would gather at Sister Toerien's house to pray for the baptism of the Spirit; or, having been filled with the Spirit themselves, to pray others into blessing. This would proceed until nearly midnight, but so eager were some younsters that, though they had to start work at 6-30 a.m. we could hear voices of earnest prayer coming from one hut long after midnight.

Some of you know soon after our arrival at Mwanza, we were joined by some freed slaves. These had been carried away from Lubaland many years ago, and sold to the Portuguese in Angola.

There they heard and received the Gospel of Christ through the faithful ministry of British and American missionaries. Then on their emancipation they started back to their own land with the good news of the Saviour, Whom they had found. While loyal and faithful to the light that they had, these dear black fellow-workers steadfastly resisted the truth of the baptism in the Spirit, and some of them had no time for Divine healing, the laying on of hands in Jesus' Name, and so on. Anything outside of their own particular line of truth and conduct, they firmly refused, saying 'Oh, they didn't do it in that manner in Angola.' We have always endeavoured to foster and encourage the affection between these freed slaves and their spiritual fathers in Angola, but their stubborn opposition to the truth, and the fact that it influenced our growing local native Christian church against these blessed and vital truths of God's Word, led us to see that we must raise a strong clear-cut issue, between what God's Word says and what the missionary tradition and precedent from Angola says.

So with earnest crying to God, and with hearts brimful of love to all parties, we raised a definite note from the commencement of the convention, upon the supreme necessity of God's children being endued with power from on high. Moreover, we determined to cast the matter on the Lord, that we would willingly work with one native entirely surrendered to God, and filled with the Holy Spirit, rather than with a thousand who powerlessly blindly follow the Scriptureless traditions of men, and ignore the simple instructions of the Word of God. Thus, then, for the first four days of the Conference, we ceaselessly hammered upon the one dominant note of submission to God's Word.

On the fourth day of the Convention, Thursday, in our morning meeting there were about 160 present, to whom we spoke on Mark 16, 15 to 18: 'These signs shall follow them that believe.' There was a solemn, heart-searching time, and God's power was wonderfully felt as those present frankly acknowledged that they did not bear the hallmark of Scripture, in that these signs

did not accompany their ministry. Then at the invitation to come forward to pray for, and to receive the Holy Spirit, almost the whole of the congregation came forward. Even the most stubborn opposers were ashamed to hold back. At once the whole of the front of the chapel was a tightly wedged mass of earnest natives with their woolly heads down and their shiny black backs heaving with the emotion of prayer.

When an angel came down and troubled the pool at Bethesda, the first to enter the troubled water was healed, but at Mwanza, God Himself was troubling the waters, and all who entered were blessed. Some strong men, with earnestness of purpose, took a clean header; little youngsters, who have only known Jesus within the last few weeks, nevertheless scrambled in as best they knew how; while some more dignified and aged elders of the community, with still possibly some lingering hankerings after the fast disappearing traditions of the past, had first to try the water, and finding it not too cold to the toes, managed ankle deep, then knee deep, waist deep, and finally—oh, hallelujah!—the same result as with those who took the first clean header. Waters to swim in, a river that couldn't be passed over, bringing life and healing to everything within its reach.

To return from analogy to fact, it was not many minutes after we started praying that the first few were filled with the Spirit. And then they helped us by laying hands upon, and praying with others. It was only those on the outskirts of the crowd that were within reach. The whole of those in the centre of the crush were out of our reach, but not out of God's. Oh, how they cried, and groaned, and grovelled in the dust, as they wrestled their way to victory. The noise of this great visitation was heard in a village one and a half miles away. Truly the mountains of pride and self esteem were broken down, and the valleys of fear and mistrust were filled up, the crooked places of schisms, quarrels, suspicions, and party spirit were made straight, and the result is the same as in John the Baptist's time, that all flesh is seeing

God's salvation (Luke 3, 5-6). There sat one middle-aged woman apart on her little stool (in all our assemblies the women and men prefer to sit apart), and as she nursed her baby, the look of her face was one of pharisaic disdain, as much as to say, 'Fancy disturbing yourselves like that! I'm sure I'm far too dignified for anything so grotesque.' But as the power of God came down, and dozens of little lads were crying and beating their breasts, or rolling their perspiring little faces in the dust in the agony of their appeal, or magnifying Jesus in Luban, or in the new and heavenly language of the Spirit, there were very few in the room who were untouched, and it was utterly impossible to tell how many received the Holy Spirit. Presently the portly woman, mentioned above, began to feel the movings of the Spirit, and stool and baby went anywhere, as she abandoned herself to God. This was not the only baby that Sister Toerien rescued during the service. Oh, what a different woman was this once haughty negress next day, when she received the Holy Spirit, and walked up and down with hands uplifted, praising God in new tongues.

We have grieved much over the haughtiness of one or two older Christians, but what a change the Spirit has wrought. One old man always took a front seat and lost no opportunity for impressing upon everyone in truly native fashion, the greatness of his own importance and piety, but from the time that the Spirit fell upon him, he has taken his place at the very back of our chapel, to keep the door and to keep the noisy children quiet, while when later in the services, I asked for some volunteers among the youngsters, to clear the pool which we used for baptism, from mud and slime which had silted into it, he was the first to offer for this undignified and dirty job.

That first wonderful meeting lasted from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. For three hours the whole place was swayed by God's Spirit. Many fell as though dead and those who had no room to fall on the floor fell on each other.

At least two cases occurred of those who praised God in

beautiful English, and I also heard snatches of French, and Dutch or German. And almost all who spoke in tongues had languages with beautiful clear R sounds, which is significant, since in the natural a Luban cannot properly pronounce this sound. Then when all was quiet, of course I had to explain it all from Acts. 2, that 'this is that,' and that Christ Jesus 'being by the right hand of God exalted . . . . . hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear.' Since then it is hard to say which has been the most wonderful meeting. Natives have been coming and going all the time, so that one cannot give an accurate number of our visitors, for some would stay for two or three days and go away, others would go and come back again. But it was manifestly unwise to let all the believers go back home after a week's meetings as originally intended, since some remained cold, hungry, and unblessed, while others in the full flood tide of a new found power and blessing, were in danger of being carried into excitement and folly, unless taught from Scripture more of God's purpose and desire in pouring out His Spirit. But an average of considerably over 100 visitors must have been here for the fortnight's meetings. Moreover, since this is the busiest part of the gardening season, when every day's labour will give big returns at the end of the rainy season, almost half of the believers were unable to attend, and those who did come only did so at a big personal sacrifice—which, however, God wonderfully rewarded.

My work was chiefly among the men, my wife helped the women, and Sister Toerien the boys and girls. Over 100 children were at the Sunday School, in the middle Sunday of the Conference, and more than half of them were under the power of God, while a number were filled with the Spirit exactly as in Acts 2, 4; 10, 46; 19, 6. The hours between the meetings were fully occupied in answering questions, giving advice and encouragement, and in listening to confessions of sin. This last is all the more wonderful since hitherto horses could not drag confessions from a Luban. All their lives long they have lived in such

deception and hypocrisy, that to confess a sin, when they had not been caught red-handed, would appear to them the height of absurdity. But 'when He (the Spirit of Truth) is come, He shall convince the world of sin,' (Jno. 16, 8), and during this convention the burdened ones have forced themselves upon me whether I would or no.

And, oh, what fearful pages of crime were unfolded. But

BAPTISMAL SERVICE.—BROTHER SALTER BAPTISING ONE OF THE FIRST CONVERTS.

against the hideous background of disgrace and shame, the Cross of the Lord Jesus is all the more resplendent. How precious it was to kneel with these stricken, guilty lads, pour out our heart's burden to God, and see them go away humbly, gratefully rejoicing, yet still amazed at the stupendous fact that 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

All our out-station teachers have gone back home to-day, excepting one; and they are all baptised in the Spirit, as are also

my chief carpenter, the three pupil teachers who help my wife in the school, etc. Several of the strangers who came back with us from the recent long trip in the Bekalebwe country have also received the Holy Spirit. Last Thursday we baptised fifty-seven believers in water; men and women, boys and girls, Baluba and Bekalbwe. In the case of several of these, I had hesitated hitherto,

BAPTISMAL SERVICE.—BROTHER BURTON BAPTISING FIFTY-SEVEN BELIEVERS DURING THE REVIVAL OF 1920.

but now 'Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptised, which have received the Holy Spirit as well as we?' (Acts. 10, 46).

There must be now nearly as many more believers awaiting baptism in our various out-stations.

Though many had already left for their homes, yet on the last Sunday 87 believers gathered around the Lord's table, to shew forth His death in the emblems of His broken body and

poured out blood—'Till He come.' When my readers remember how less than four and a half years ago I was stranded on this mission hill, with my only companion and chum, Brother Salter, slowly coming back from the very jaws of death, with fever; how we stood in the midst of the desolation of rocks and long grass, and forest, and looked across to the villages nestled among the trees; how having scarcely a word of the language we could only pray, pray, pray for those thousands who had never even heard the Name of Jesus—when you remember this, you can understand how our hearts nearly burst, and how often the well-springs of our being overflowed in boundless thankfulness to God, and how again and again when we sought words to praise Him, for this band of rejoicing Christians, all that we could pour out at His feet was tears of gratitude.

We have often grieved at the hidden bickerings and smouldering jealousies among our young Christians, Bekalbwe against Baluba and both against the Angola freed slaves, while these last again were divided into two camps, representing the two denominations working in Angola, and each party considering itself better than the other. The two chief causes of strife we will call S. and W. They live near each other, and though outwardly friendly, the grudges of their hearts were plainly seen. S. had a mighty humbling, and was filled with the Spirit early in the meetings, whereupon W. gave up praying for this great blessing, and made no bones about proclaiming the other Christians to be humbugs, and their blessing a hoax, since he himself had felt nothing and received nothing. I called W. aside to try to help him, for while so many others were receiving blessings, he was left stranded high and dry. But my ministries were fruitless, and so my wife and I could only pray. In the middle of one night, God awoke S. and told him, go and call W., and lay hands upon him, and pray that he might receive the Spirit. So accordingly S. and W.—erstwhile at loggerheads—were soon praying together under the stars. Before long the power came down, W. was mightily filled with the Spirit, and so great was the noise that the

other Christian natives came running out of their huts, lighting their resin torches, to join in the thanksgiving as they saw these two old antagonists, with hearts aglow, alternately hugging each other for joy, and praising and magnifying God in new tongues.

Now the rumour soon spread abroad among the villages that 'Bwana Burton preaches till he has his hearers under his spell,

Brother Burton with Evangelists.

and he then touches them, whereupon they tremble, fall down, turn to God, and speak foreign languages.' But, praise GOD, this illusion was soon banished, for on the third day after the Holy Spirit was outpoured, a man entered who had heard of Christ at Mr. Wilding's Mission, but had never heard any teaching concerning the baptism in the Spirit. We had scarcely started the meeting—in fact we were just having a few preliminary hymns—when the power of the Spirit fell upon him as he sat in his seat, and immediately he commenced volubly and fluently to praise GOD in an unknown tongue.

Now that you have heard what our blessed Lord is doing, compare notes, and I'm sure that some of you will remember that Thursday, January 8th (when the experience of Pentecost in Jerusalem became actually the experience of Lubaland) was a day when you yielded to the Spirit's promptings and gave yourselves very specially to prayer for our work.

NOTE.—KANGOI (left) AND NGOLOMA. TWO OF OUR NATIVE OVERSEERS. THESE MEN NOW TAKE PRACTICALLY THE SAME PLACE AND RESPONSIBILITY WITH REGARD TO THE YOUNG NATIVE CHURCHES AS THE WHITE MISSIONARIES. THUS, IF ANYTHING OCCURRED NECESSITATING THE WITHDRAWAL OF WHITE WORKERS, THE NATIVE BELIEVERS WOULD STILL HAVE STEADY GODLY MEN TO WHOM TO LOOK FOR HELP AND DIRECTION.

Now, beloved, pray for our native teachers, and for the bands of young believers, that they may be used as clean and faithful vessels for the carrying of blessing in Christ Jesus to thousands. Pray for us. Our health is none too good and duties are many and pressing. Pray for the band of men and women at present preparing to come out and join us in the work. Pray for the speedy completion of the Scripture translation, and for blessing upon the books, tracts, etc., now in the course of preparation."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT ABOUT THE HEATHEN: ARE THEY LOST?

PEOPLE often ask "Are those poor heathen, who have never had the opportunity of hearing the Gospel, to be eternally damned for not believing in Jesus Christ?"

Now as this is a subject which gets to the very root of all missionary endeavour, it is necessary to put aside all preconceived notions on the matter, and refer to what God says about it in His Word. And the question and answer are plainly put in Rom. 10, 14-18: "How shall they hear without a preacher? . . . . "

"But, I say, have they not heard? Yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."

In other words, A REVELATION HAS COME FROM GOD TO EVERY MAN. They have heard. For God says "That was a true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," John 1, 9. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men," Titus 2, 11. "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people," Luke 2, 31.

Some will ask: "How has that revelation come to all mankind?" And—"How much do they know of God?" To answer this we must refer to Psalm 19, 1-4, from which the quotation in Rom. 10, 18 is made. Here we see that "GOD IS MADE KNOWN THROUGH HIS CREATION." The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun." Thus, we see that day and night, heaven

and earth are shewing forth God's glory in every clime and nation. They were established with this purpose in view. "Let them be for signs and for seasons," said God, in Gen. 1, 14. The hills spoke to David of their Maker, and His steadfastness. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." Ps. 121, 1-2. In the same way "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Acts. 14, 17. These fruitful seasons are telling of God's faithfulness and goodness even where no missionary society is at work. In fact, all over the world pioneer missionary societies find that those to whom they go already know of a great creator God, Who orders all, Who maintains all, and Who rules over all. So, as Romans 1, 19-21 so aptly puts it, "That which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse: because that when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were they thankful."

Now man says that they are excusable because they do not know; but **God says that they are without excuse because they know.** And God calls "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Isa. 45, 22. That is to say that to the ends of the earth, whosoever will but even look to God for salvation may find it, for God will send the messenger, God will reveal Jesus, God will Himself do all that is necessary for the one who will simply look.

This knowledge of God through creation is not, however, the only thing which the heathen know. Rom. 1, 28-32 shows that THEY HAVE A KNOWLEDGE OF SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. In verses 29 and 30 is a list of twenty-three sins, with the conclusion that mankind "Knowing the judgment of

God, that they which do such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." Our experience in Lubaland absolutely confirms this testimony. The natives know of God. They have at least sixteen different names for Him, and recognise His sovereignty and power in many ways. Moreover, although adultery, lying, necromancy, murder, etc., are rife, yet the natives know that these things are wrong. Their own native proverbs prove that they, being without the law, yet "have the work of the law written in their hearts." Rom. 2, 14-15. Another startling fact now comes to light. DURING THE DISPENSATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT EVERY LAND AND NATION HAS HAD THE GOSPEL MESSAGE. Those lands which are darkest, and most Christless to-day, once had the Gospel, for Paul writes in Colossians 1, 6, 23 that the "gospel . . . is come unto . . . all the world," and "which was preached to every creature which is under heaven." It is true that all people once had the Gospel. But "men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil." John 3, 19.

The whole attitude of these people has been aptly described by Job 21, 13-15, "They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to Hell. Therefore they say unto God, depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve Him? And what profit should we have if we pray unto Him?" Therefore God has left them to walk in their own ways, and "Because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over . . ." Rom. 1, 28.

Now the whole position becomes clear. No one can bring a charge against God for not sending a further revelation to people who are rejecting the revelation which they already have.

And, moreover, no one can bring an indictment against God for condemning to eternal separation from Himself, (with all that that involves), those who do not wish to retain Him in their thoughts, and who, when they knew God, glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful.

But " whosoever hath to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance." Matt. 13, 12. And so when God sees a company of those who want Him, then He sends the missionary to preach Jesus, Who is the way to God. " No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Jn. 14, 6. This is a fact of the greatest importance. NO ONE WILL EVER BE SAVED APART FROM JESUS CHRIST. " He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Jn. 5, 12.

Those millions of heathen who have gone down to a Christless eternity are not to be regarded with pity and sympathy, as having been the victims of God's negligence. Truly the church has been negligent, and will receive justice meet for her negligence. But God has not been neglectful. He has revealed Himself through nature, and wherever there has been a heart to recognise and acknowledge that revelation, He has also given a revelation of His Son, the Lord Jesus, in grace. Jesus said. " Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Matt. 5, 6. God will always find means to fill the hungry or thirsty one. Never, in the annals of eternity will anyone be able to rise before God, with the charge " I was hungry and thirsty after righteousness but Thou didst not fill me."

Therefore, we regard those heathen who died without salvation, as millions of rebels against all that God could do to lavish upon them His kindness, shew them His faithfulness and power, and attract them to Himself. They have neglected and forgotten God, and we read, " The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God." Ps. 9, 17. Those nations have in the past known Christ, but have forgotten Him. And now, though they know God through His handiwork, these forget Him also. So God will righteously turn them into Hell.

HELL, A PLACE OF NO HOPE!

In these days many are openly teaching, and others are secretly teaching that there is hope of salvation after death. Some indeed are saying that God would not be just, if this were not so.

But God Himself says, "When a wicked man dieth his expectation shall perish: and the hope of unjust men perisheth." Prov. 11, 7. When? **When he dies!** His HOPE PERISHES!

"The grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee. They that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth." Isa. 38, 18. These false teachers belittle God's word, paralyse missionary enterprise, and leave the heathen to eternal doom, by saying that they that go down into the pit can hope. God's word says they CAN NOT HOPE for His truth.

God says, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29, 1. Even though these false teachers say that there is a remedy, God says that there is NONE. Even were there annihilation after a period of punishment in Hell, that would be a hope. It would at least be a hope of release. But no! God says, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Rev. 14, 11; and again, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." Matt. 25, 46.

Before closing this matter we must guard against those who would make the revelation of God through nature, an excuse for refusing to go and preach the salvation of Christ through grace.

If we had no other inducement than Christ's command "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mk. 16, 15), we are responsible for obedience to that command. But also "faith coming by hearing and hearing by the word of God." Rom. 10, 17.

And if it may be said that through us, as through Peter, "God hath also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Acts 11, 18, what a joy and what a reward is ours in thus snatching brands from the burning!

THESE CHILDREN, AFTER HEARING THE GOSPEL PREACHED, SENT A MESSAGE TO "BULAYA," THE WHITE-MAN'S LAND, ASKING THE WHITE CHRISTIANS TO SEND THEM MISSIONARIES.

THOUSANDS OF SUCH ARE GROWING UP TO-DAY WITHOUT EVER HEARING THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS.

Seven busy months followed the outpouring of the Spirit at Mwanza. The three white missionaries were working at a pressure far beyond their strength. Again and again they went down with fever. New native preachers were sent out, and new schools

NATIVE MISSION SCHOOL TEACHER TEACHING READING IN ONE OF THE OUT-STATIONS.

were built, all of which called for Brother Burton's constant supervision, while Mrs. Burton's work among the women was richly blessed, and Miss Toerien, with the children, experienced similar times of refreshing and power from on high.

Numbers were converted to Christ, and baptised, both at Mwanza and in the rapidly increasing out-stations, while under the fresh impetus of revival the whole work was going forward in leaps and bounds.

At last the joyful news came that Brother Salter was returning from his furlough with a band of six workers. What a welcome they received! As soon as possible they took over the work of the mission, while Brother and Sister Burton, and Sister Toerien at once started out for their well-earned furlough.

And none too soon, for Sister Burton's strength and health, formerly so good, gave way, so that at Elisabethville, Buluwayo,

Sister Toerien with her Sunday School.

and Johannesburg she was in such weakness and suffering that it was only with difficulty she reached the home-land. Here, however, with congenial atmosphere, loving friends and wholesome food, she rapidly recuperated.

While the workers on the field, now increased to ten in number, have been spreading the gospel message far and near, with glorious results, the missionaries on furlough have been recruiting more new workers. Thus by the month of August, 1922, there should be fifteen white workers, and between 30

and 40 native evangelists, actively working together for the furtherance of God's kingdom in the Congo Evangelistic Mission.

Prayer is asked for these that they may be kept with a single eye to God's glory, that God may continue to confirm their testimony "with signs following," and that mighty, and ever increasing revival may be the constant experience of both whites, and natives.

SISTER BURTON WITH SOME OF HER NATIVE CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

The home business of the mission is faithfully cared for by Mr. Thos. Myerscough, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, 39 Lawson Street, Preston, England, and the field headquarters is at Mwanza Kasingu, Kikondja, Katanga, Congo-Belge.

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